"To Live By Faith"

Transcribed oral interviews with

Beulah Leona Andrus Beutler

Recorded between June and August 1992

by

Alyn B. Andrus and Gloria G. Andrus

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7/17/98 JA

Beulah Leona Andrus Beutler

Beulah, Edward, Larry, Valene

INTRODUCTION

The material in this booklet was transcribed from taped interviews with Beulah Leona Andrus Beutler between June 14 and August 9, 1992. All interviews were conducted in her home (775 North Skyline Drive, Idaho Falls, Idaho) by her nephew, Alyn B. Andrus and his wife Gloria G. Andrus.

Beulah Beutler was born August 25, 1909. She was the eighth child of Robert and Lovenia Evelyn Bawden Andrus. She was raised on a farm in Ucon, Idaho, received a Bachelor's Degree in English from Utah State Agricultural College in Logan, Utah, and taught in the elementary and secondary public schools of Idaho for 37½ years. Beulah also served a proselyting mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. As a missionary, she served two summers and winters in the Idaho Falls North Stake, and two summers in the Lake Ontario region of Canada.

Beulah married Edward Beutler in the Salt Lake Temple on September 12, 1945. With her marriage to Edward she instantly became the mother of two children, Valene and Larry, born to Edward and a previous wife, Violet, who passed away from heart failure on June 18, 1944. Beulah, Edward, and children established a home first in Ucon, then in Burley, and finally in Idaho Falls, Idaho.

After marriage, Beulah continued to teach. Edward built houses until shortly before he passed away July 29, 1985 from gastro-intestinal hemorrhage. Since then, Beulah has lived alone, always happy to receive visitors, both family and friends.

Valene married Joseph N. Allred and they were the parents to four girls and three boys. Valene and Joseph lived in Millersville, Maryland and she passed away from cancer on June 30, 1992.

Larry married Alice Larsen and they were the parents to three girls. At present, Larry and Alice are divorced. Larry teaches psychology for the University of California at Berkeley.

Alyn B. Andrus
Rexburg, Idaho
March 22, 1995

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THE ROBERT AND LOVENIA ANDRUS FAMILY

This is Alyn speaking. The date is June 14, 1992. Gloria and I are here at Aunt Beulah's home to interview her about my father Reed and about Grandfather Robert, and Grandmother Lovenia Andrus, and also about Aunt Beulah. I am going to ask Aunt Beulah first to give her name and her position in the family.

My name is Beulah Leona Andrus Beutler. I am the eighth child of Robert and Lovenia Evelyn Bawden Andrus. I was the eighth child and I was born August 25, 1909.

Thank you. First, Aunt Beulah, I want you to give your general feelings, impressions, about your family, about Grandpa Andrus, Grandma Andrus, and their children, the family of which you are a member.

Well, I feel that I am truly blessed to have come through a pioneer heritage. I feel a noble heritage. I appreciate my parents. I appreciate what they stood for. I appreciate my brothers and sisters, and what they stood for in the lives they lived. I appreciated the fact we were a singing family. We were a family who would pray together, we'd work together, we would sing together. We knew what work was, hard work. We came up on a farm, and everyone learned the labor of love. I think of the beehive motto that I have lived by: "To taste the sweetness of service." I came up in a home where I watched my parents serve humanity on occasions of sickness and death. I've watched them go out in the flu epidemic during 1918. They were promised they would not bring that flu back to their family and none of us got it that were home. Uncle Howard got it but he was in the service. I appreciate my relationship with my brothers and sisters. It was a wholesome relationship. Oh, sure, we have our differences of opinions, but we always came through realizing that this is an eternal family, and we must place ourselves in a position that we can belong to a family that is eternal and function as an eternal family should.

What was the relationship between Grandma and Grandpa?

I thought it was very, very good. Of course, he was a bishop for eighteen years and she was a relief society counselor for a few years, and for fifteen years she was relief society president. And they worked together, not only as parents with a family of eleven children, one, incidentally was deceased as a baby, but they worked together through the interest of their family and in making a living. They also worked together in the church. He was. . . I felt my father very nobly honored his priesthood and my mother respected that very much. In fact, my father looked upon my mother as a real angel. He has written something entitled, "Does the Lord fulfill his promises?" Which reveals things that he has experienced in the life of my mother

that he has been a part of it. Some of it was, of course, before her marriage that he relates in his narrative.

Why don't you take a few minutes, Aunt Beulah, and talk about Grandfather, and then talk about Grandmother. Tell us what they were like, what their interests were, and talk about how big they were, what their personalities were like, anything you remember about them or would like to say. Tell us about that.

My father was a large man. My mother could stand under his arm. She was a. . . as she grew older, she was a chubby little number, but she was short. But my father had a way with words. In fact, he challenged me at one time that I was to come through with a new word and he would come through with a new word. He was helping me to build a vocabulary that I could be proud of. Many times I sat back and listened to my father speak. He was a fluent speaker. He was an intelligent man and he was a very capable speaker. Even though he didn't have what we call the education that this generation gets, he was a self-educated man, he was very versatile, very capable of so many things. He showed leadership in the community and in the church. Whenever he asked us to do something, or whenever he said something, we would listen because he was one that didn't repeat it. My little angel mother, if we didn't get it the first time, she would repeat it. We could depend on that. But my mother, I always thought was very angelic. She had a soft spoken voice, very kind and tender. Just to show you what my mother was like, just a short time before her passing, I stayed in her home one night, and she requested that I go to bed first. And I said, "Mother, I came to wait on you, not to be waited on." She said, "Please you get into bed first." She was so insistent, I thought, well, I'll honor her request. So I got into bed. My father was deceased, and I got into bed, and she walked around by the bed, and she patted me on the cheek, and she kissed me. And she expressed her love for me and told me how she had cared over me, and told me I was special, and she had a hard time to keep me. I learned there the significance of the passage of scripture, "He who has done it unto one of the least of these has done it unto me." That scripture I never think of but what I think about my mother. In that instance she taught me the full significance of it. My relationship with my mother was a very wholesome one. I stayed with her while I taught school. I remember how I would come home and she would have dinner ready. I remember growing up and the sizable batches of bread my mother would make. And to this day, I keep wondering how did my mother ever survive with such a large family and all she had to do? My mother has stood over me many times and nursed me back to health. She stood over me in the hospital for three weeks while I had a ruptured appendix and a bowel obstruction. I heard the doctor say I would never live. I told my mother, "I will live, but these doctors will give me a blessing first, they'll use their priesthood," which they did. I was promised I would live. I don't know, Alyn, whether I explained to you. There is so much I could say, but I don't want to extend beyond what you would like.

I want you to say whatever you would like. You feel free to say anything you would like to say.

Thank you. Well, my mother's voice to me was angelic. My mother was a spiritual woman. She was endowed with spiritual gifts. The Holy Ghost really was with her. My father was a leader. He was a profound speaker. He had tender feelings too. At one time I was disappointed in not getting a teaching job. There were more teachers than jobs. My father was in a room upstairs studying and I was in the girls bedroom upstairs, and he heard me crying. He came. . . I didn't realize he was there, and he came and put his arms around me. I told him, "I'm a failure. They don't want me because I don't look the picture of health." He said, "Get your yearbook, your Ricks yearbook." And I did. And he wrote in it: "I will make my failures prove to be my greatest successes." And then he signed it as a witness and had me sign it. And I've lived by that little adage through the years. I could testify that I was a classroom teacher for 37 and a half years professionally. If I add up the private tutoring, I could add it up to nigh 40 years that I've taught school.

Do you remember any spiritual experiences that you would like to relate that involved Grandpa and Grandma. Now if you would rather not relate these experiences, that's fine, but if you have some in mind, why I think we need to record those.

Alyn, do you have a copy of that "Does the Lord Keep His Promises?"

I think I do, I have read it.

My father often talked about my mother, the halo would shine on her head. You know she was blessed with the gift of tongues. My father revered my mother as an angel which she was. I have a letter. He was on a mission when I was born. I was the eighth child and Aunt Josephine who was his sister, and she was a mid-wife, said, "Robert, you almost lost your wife on the last one, which was my sister, Rula. I am not going to wait on Vinnie for this one." They called my mother Vinnie. He said, "But you will." And mother had an easier time with me then. I told her she had an easier time with me than the others, but she had a harder time keeping me here. Anyway, this letter that I read, she had written to my father to ask him how to spell the name that he requested that I have. He wanted me to be named Beulah and Uncle Heber Andrus, wanted me to have Leona. So my father wrote a letter and in the letter he was so compassionate in his expressions to my mother about her condition. And he told her that Beulah was a Bible name and he spelled Beulah. And then, of course, Uncle Heber came along with Leona.

Why Leona, Aunt Beulah?

I've never really known. L-E-O-N-A. Some have put on the records just L-E-O-N, but that is wrong, its Leona. I can't answer that. I remember many times we'd have family home evening and I remember we would have ginger snaps because they were cheap and they were tasty for kids. I remember, too, during the flu epidemic of 1918, of our having Sacrament service in the home. I recall so well the lessons and the bearing of testimony. I just always felt that my father and mother were a model couple, and I always thought I want to be a wife like my model parents.

How would you describe Grandpa as a bishop?

I felt he was a dynamic bishop. He was profound, he was honest, he was. . . well, I don't like the word bold. Whenever he stood for something. You know, your dad reminds me of him. He wasn't afraid to stand on the right side despite whether he created enemies or not. If the thing he thought was wrong, he didn't hesitate to make it known. When he would speak to his ward people, he would propound the gospel message, and he would speak as one having authority. I remember that so vividly and he was one that was very much on time. I recall one time I went in kind of late, and I went up to my father, put my arms around him, and he was almost alone in the chapel. He said, "Sit down daughter, church has begun." And it wasn't long before he had the people coming on time. He was very punctual. And he was very honest. His integrity. . . you speak his name and people honored him. A man of integrity, a man of virtue, a man of ability, of leadership. He exhibited that very much. Our Christmases--we didn't have a lot of money. We weren't extravagant but we never went hungry. And I remember my father would say, "Mother, see that each one has Christmas." I remember now, and I wonder how my mother ever stretched the dollar to bring in Christmas for us. But we had a good Christmas.

Talk about Grandma as a relief society president for a few minutes. You've already indicated that she was generous with time and energy, and was willing to sacrifice for others. Did you say she served for fifteen years?

I believe that was it--fifteen years.

Was she well liked in the community?

She was respected. My mother was on a pedestal in the eyes of others as a virtuous, clean lady, a leader with abilities. She not only was an influence, she was a source of strength to people. And she would give, and my father was the same way. They would give the last dress they had if it meant helping others. As a relief society president, I don't feel that her family suffered, though she would go out a lot. She would share her food. She would share clothes, her time,

and energies. And in that day and age, morticians were not as they are today. And I have known many times when my mother would sit up with the dead and they would change the cloth on their form so they would be presentable for public viewing. But I never remember hearing my mother complain. And she was one who didn't seem to be nervous or afraid, but she wasn't what you would call a bold person. She was serenely quite. You couldn't help but feel peace and tranquility in her presence. When she spoke in tongues, she told me one time when I had heard someone make light of it, she said, "Daughter, it is too sacred to be talking like that." I said, "Yes, mother, it is." But at one time, Jack Phillips had made it possible for a man name Emil Wirkus and his wife Martha (from Germany) to come to America. And Brother Wirkus was quite upset and bewildered, because he didn't know the language; he didn't have work; he had a young family; and my mother didn't know the German language, but she spoke and he got the message, and she told him if he would stay true to the church, he'd see the time when his family would grow up in the church and that he would find work, which became true. In fact, one of his sons (Erwin) became stake president, mission president, and one of the counselors in the temple presidency in Idaho Falls.

Were you present when that happened? When Grandma spoke in tongues?

Yes, I remember it. I remember very vividly. I remember, too, that my mother. . . on different occasions, she would predict what would happen.

(Gloria) Within the family or in the community?

Particularly with the family. In fact, my mother had a dream one night when she was a single girl living in the Salt Lake area. In that dream, her deceased father, she saw him. She turned down two men in her dream when they wanted to give her a ride. She dreamed that she was in a buggy with her mother and that she saw her father who was deceased, and he helped them to whip up the horses and get out of the reach of these two men. She told this dream to her mother, and her mother said, "Lovenia, I will meet your streetcar each night." That went on for some time, that she met the car, and she was in the horse and buggy, and she would take my mother home. This particular time those two men appeared, and mother said, "Those are the two men I saw in my dream." And they approached and wanted to be with them. Anyway, Grandma Bawden said, "Oh, no thank you. And they got in the buggy, and they whipped up the horses and these two men jumped out after them, but they were able to escape and get away. Now that was a fulfillment of the dream my mother had.

Let's go back to the meeting where you describe Grandma's speaking in tongues. You had implied that she spoke in the German language so Brother Wirkus could understand. Other than Brother Wirkus, was there a witness who could also understand German?

Well, Ed Phillips, I think was in the audience.

So he would be able to verify it, okay. I have heard that there were other times that Grandma spoke in tongues, and Aunt Annie her sister interpreted. Is that right?

Yes, I remember that.

Were you there?

Sometimes while speaking in tongues, she would plead with the people warning them of what could happen. She is one who understood her scripture. My father was real well-read, and they would talk a lot about it. She would admonish the people, sometimes when she'd speak in tongues, she would admonish them to go the straight and narrow path. She told me one time that speaking in tongues always left her rather weak.

How would you feel during these experiences?

I would sit there as a young girl, and I would look at my mother, and I would often think, oh, mother, you have something that we don't have. You have something that the world doesn't have. I'd often think of the Savior, "Peace I give unto you, not of the world giveth I unto you." And I would often think of my mother as a very spiritually gifted person. And I went to mother, and it was after I was married, and I said, "Mother, I can't go on. I can't keep faking that I am hearing, I'm not hearing, and I don't know what to do." And she said, "Kneel down." And I did. And she said, "You go to the doctor and he will find your problem and you will be all right," which was true. The doctor was able to help me and I was able to hear. Many times I have knelt at my mother's feet for strength to see me through. I recall so well those trying times when I was an eighth grader and trying to rise above this awful affliction of a ruptured appendix. I remember how my mother would come to the hospital and stand over my bed day after day. I missed that, Alyn, I missed it so much. There have been times I've had lots of health problems, and there have been times when I've cried out for my mother to intercede, "Help me, to get through these problems." At the time that she expressed her love for me at the bedside, she told me that I was a special child. That did something for me, because there are times when I have felt my image of myself was too low. But I've come to the realization to say "I am a Child of God." And I do have potential like anyone else. But our potentials go in different ways. The Lord endows us differently with our talents. Wouldn't it be terrible if we all had the same talents and didn't have diversification?

Let's talk for a few minutes about your brothers and sisters, Aunt Beulah. Tell me a little bit about Aunt Minnie and Aunt Sarah. Aunt Minnie was the oldest daughter, wasn't she?

Yes.

How would you describe Aunt Minnie?

Aunt Minnie was a saint. I never did hear any words from Minnie's lips but good words. I never did hear her use vile language. She was a very prayerful lady. And she was dedicated. She was organist for many years of the Ucon Ward. I can see her now as she would pedal that organ. And I remember how she'd practice on the organ at home which was one that my father ordered from Montgomery Ward, I believe it was, and he put the down payment down from some money that his mother had left him. Anyway, I can see my sister Minnie pedaling that organ, and after she was married, sometimes she would walk about a mile and a half from where she lived. And sometimes she'd walked rather than be late for church. She was just really dedicated in whatever she was asked to do. She was sincere. She was honest. Minnie was a real good homemaker. Minnie knew what sorrow was. Minnie brought six children into this life but none lived long except Kathleen. Kathleen has lived and has five daughters. But, Minnie was a model woman.

What about Aunt Sarah?

Aunt Sarah was one that was punctual with her time. That was something our father taught us, be punctual. You could depend on Sarah, if she told you a certain time, you could depend on it. If anything, she'd be there ahead of time, but she would never be there late. Aunt Sarah would always say what she thought. She was an outstanding teacher, and she was. . . I stood at her hospital bed before she went into a coma, and I had broken my sternum as I reached over her bed one night, and I didn't dare tell her. She said to me, "Beulah, you're sick." I told her, "I'm okay, Sarah." And she reached over and took my hand and she said, "I want you to go home and take care of yourself. I don't know what I would do without you." And that's the last words my sister Sarah said to me. But we were very close. Very close, we enjoyed each other. We related well with each other. Aunt Sarah was a good homemaker, and she was interested in her family progressing musically, and you can see that in her family. She worked with them, and she really gave a lot of herself for her family. Aunt Sarah used to go with my father (my father was a diabetic) and he got to where it wasn't good for him to travel alone. So my sister Sarah would drive the car, and she would go with him. He was the secretary of the National Farm Loan, secretary and treasurer. And every Saturday, he would spend in his office in Idaho Falls which was located on the corner of Broadway and the highway. And she would go into town with him. And then when he had to go around the country in the car, she would go with him. And I can say this about Sarah's husband, Rulon L. Simmons, that he was a very kind, thoughtful husband, and he never complained of her giving her time and energies to help my father in his position.

What about Aunt Vera and Aunt Inez?

Aunt Vera, she's an angel. We have contacted each other several times, and since Ed is out of the home and I am alone, I always report to her when I am locked in for the night. And if she doesn't. . . in fact, one day, they (Aunt Vera and Uncle Lynn) came up here because I didn't have my hearing aide turned up. They came up and she came in and she broke down and sobbed. She thought something had happened to me because I didn't respond. Well since then, I make sure my hearing aide is turned up even when I lie down. Aunt Vera is a very feminine lady. I love to watch her and her husband as they function as a couple in the temple. She is a saint. She stands for those things that are virtuous, lovely and of good report. I could quote from Proverbs about what a woman should be when I think of Aunt Vera. She's been a real dainty, clean homemaker, and she too, has stood behind her family to see that they came up in music, that they had their music lessons, and that both she and her good husband have stood for their education. And she has been one that has been interested, too, in her parental family, her brothers and sisters. I just don't know what I would do without my sister Vera presently.

My sister Inez, she was one. . . she said it the way it was. She could tell a joke, and you could laugh at it, and someone else could tell the same thing and you couldn't laugh. It just took Inez to make it a joke. It took her personality. Inez was on the heavy side. She always was from the time she was a young girl, she could look at food and gain weight. Inez had some situation happen to her. At one time, Inez was asked to do the singing, but to stand behind the stage and have a young pretty girl be the actress, and Inez is the one that did the singing. This young girl mouthed the words. At one time, they had a contest. Inez won out locally in the school with her voice. And any way, she went down to Twin Falls, and she was the only one who didn't have a formal gown. She was dressed in a nice, clean, best dress, but it wasn't a formal. She was kind of crest fallen because of that. And she walked away after she had sung and some of the girls ran up to her and said, "Inez, have you heard, have you heard?" "Heard what?" "You won, you won in the state. You've taken the top rank as a soloist." And she said, "I learned that time that it is what comes from within and not what comes from with out that matters." By the way, my sister Vera has a good voice.

But I rejoice in the sweet memories which are mine. We live with memories. That four of us, my father encouraged us to sing. My sister Minnie would play when we needed an organist or a pianist, but Sarah, Inez, Vera, and Beulah formed what they called the Andrus Sisters Quartet. And that made a close knit association with all four of us, five us, with Minnie. Anyway, we sang in the church, in the wards, in the stakes, we even sang in the theater, and at political rallies. But to this day, I think of the words, "Fain, my hardest years may come, future all unknown, still my love for thee will grow, faithful to thee alone." I often think of those words to one of the songs that we sang, and also "Oh, sweet mystery of life, at last I've found

you, for it is love and love alone that rules for aye." My relationship with everyone of my sisters has been great. Now Inez has been one who has been. . . she lets her family know where they stand or where they should stand, and they show that, they really show that. She directed a choir in Portland, and she said to them, "Now, I want you to come, and if you don't come with the right spirit, I want you to go home, get on your knees, and get the right spirit. If you don't have the tune, you can hum anyway, but I want you to sing with the Spirit." And of course, she was outstandingly good in that direction. I've watched Vera direct the singing, she directs it over here in the temple. I've watched Inez, I've watched Sarah, and of course, Minnie with her feet on that organ. They've all been wonderful sisters.

Aunt Beulah, tell us about Rula. I don't suppose any of the grandchildren, any of your nieces or nephews, know Rula. I think you need to tell us about her.

Thank you. I didn't mean to leave her out, Alyn.

I wanted to save her until last, among the girls.

My sister Rula had a sense of humor, and she too, fought with weight as a problem. But Rula was ahead of me in school, and then she got sick. Anyway, we were put in the same grade. In our day and age, if you failed in one subject, they held you back. They held me back one year. And of course, I was slow in starting because of health, but my sister Rula and I went through high school together.

(Gloria) Are you just a year apart?

Let's see, we are a little more than a year apart. They called her Rula Ireland because she was born on the 17th of March. She'd be a year and from March to August older than I. Any way, Rula had a good sense of humor, and I remember when we went over to the R.L. Bybee home, which is where Uncle Rulon and Aunt Sarah lived, south of the old residential parental home, and we got a patriarchal blessing. And when Rula and I walked home, she broke down and cried. She said, "Beulah, it didn't promise me a companion, but it promised you a companion." And it told her that she would be a leader, and then when she passed away, there would be many, many people at her service. Well, Rula never did have a companion, but she was told she would go to the temple and she would partake of the sweet spirit there. And she did go to the temple and was baptized in the Logan temple for a number of deceased people. And she rejoiced in that. She was a good teacher. . . I think it was. . . I'm trying to think now who it was that told me that they had called for Rula to be a counselor to them in the mutual when she was killed in this car accident. I'm not sure whether it was Julia Robinson or Fanny Hill, or. . . no, it was Emily Cramer, and she had asked for Rula to be a counselor. Anyway, I recall that Rula

was an avid reader, she loved to read. She would read a lot, and we worked together, and we both graduated from Rigby High School, the reason being, there were only three years of high school in Ucon, so we went to Rigby for our last year. (End side 2)

Anyway, I remember my father took us when the snow came, he would take us to Ucon in what we called the "little dickie" a horse drawn square conveyance with runners on it, and he would take us down to Ucon. From there we would get in the car and go to Rigby, he would take us to Rigby during the winter months. Then there was a week that we were snowed in. Hazel Clegg's husband's sister, yes, Mary Clegg, was living in Rigby, and she took us in for a week over there in Rigby while we couldn't get through. They didn't have the conveniences that we have presently, and we were for a week in Rigby. Anyway, we went through the Ucon school together and high school, and Rula was sharper in math than I and I was sharper in English than she, and we would work together. Anyway, two weeks after our graduation from high school, she had said to me one day, "Beulah, I'm not very long for this life." I said, "Don't talk that way, Rula." And she said, "I can't help it. I feel that way." And of course, father, mother, Sarah, and Rula were in the car and they didn't have the paved roads that we have today. And they were going to an Andrus reunion and a June conference in Salt Lake City. Something went wrong with the car, I think Uncle Tom could tell you more than I on that one. But anyway, Rula was thrown out of the car and killed instantly. My father and mother and Sarah were jarred emotionally and some bruises, but no other injuries. But there were many, many people to Rula's funeral. But she was a wonderful sister. I enjoyed Rula, and she always felt bad about her size. She was on the heavy side.

Do you remember the date that she was killed?

It was in 1929. I'd have it in the records.

That's all right. What were you doing when she was killed.

Alyn, that's a strange experience, too. Inez, Vera, and I were home, and your parents had been married two weeks, Samuel Reed and Melba had been married two weeks. And they were home with us. And I turned to, I think it was to Inez, anyway, it was Inez or Vera, and I said, something terrible is going to happen. I just said it, and it was probably at the time that Rula was killed. And I had a hard time going to sleep. We slept in my parents' bed in the downstairs bedroom, and your parents were upstairs. And they went and called out to the upstairs bedroom so they wouldn't alert us. And, they were crying, and I went out, and I saw Rula's hat on the table, the kitchen table. And I said, "Where's Rula?" And they didn't respond and I said, "She's dead, isn't she?" "Yes, she's gone." Well, I asked them about when it happened, and about the time I said something terrible was going to happen, is about the time it

happened. I had been told I'd be close to the veil sometimes, and it has been true in my life. But I loved Rula. She was sweet and she had a good sense of humor. She and Inez, in a lot of ways, resembled each other in their behavior patterns and their size, and so forth.

How old was she when she was killed?

Well, I think she was born in 1908.

About 21?

Close to that. We used to get out of high school much older than they do now.

Let's talk for a few minutes now about the boys, Aunt Beulah. Let's start with Uncle Howard and Uncle Grant. Say something about them.

Uncle Howard was the one that would get on the phone and get us up early on Christmas morning. I always remember going up to Howard and Dot's one time, and I said, it is so quiet and peaceful up here, and I just kind of liked it, just being in their home. I remember when Uncle Howard was called to the service. We all went down to the Ucon railroad station, and I remember how we stood there and wept, because we didn't know whether we would see my brother, Howard again. I remember a family picture being taken. I remember how sad my father and mother were.

(Gloria) Was that the first World War?

Yes.

How old would Uncle Howard be when you can remember anything about him with some degree of accuracy?

He was about thirteen years older than I. Now when father was on his mission and I was a baby, mother had a picture taken of herself, Howard, and I are in the picture.

So he was a young man before you can really remember what he was like, wasn't he?

Yes, But, at one time, there was Grant, Howard, Tom, and Beulah, we were all teaching in different wards the Adult Sunday School classes. Now Howard knew his scriptures. In fact, all my brothers were well read on church doctrine.

What about Uncle Grant?

Uncle Grant was the seminary teacher, and he had the advantage of getting a lot of. . . well, first-hand information. And he enjoyed his seminary work. He did well in it. Uncle Grant did teach me when I was one year in elementary. I always thought he was going to show a little bit too much. . .

Favoritism?

I always felt that way, so I always felt a little punished sometimes, but I think he did a better job with older students. I remember my brother Grant before he was quite ill, not long before his death. And he asked me if I would write something about the home he lived in. It was an old log structure and it had prickly pears blooming on top of it. He asked me if I would write about it. And so I did. And when I came back and read it to him, he wept. He said, "That is beautiful." At one time my brother Grant wondered if I would ever amount to much, because I was in those years when you are struggling, struggling with growth, struggling for status, struggling with peers. Anyway, he wept, and he was so over joyed at what I had produced for him. At times, Grant would take me. . . I was single up to the age of 36, and when Aunt May was not well or couldn't go, he would take me with him on stake assignments because he was in the stake presidency. And he would take me to the stake dances. So I had a close association there. And then of course, when we had faculty meetings in the high school, he would be there as the seminary teacher. I was there as an English teacher, so we had association in that way.

I am going to leave out my father (Reed) for right now, because I want you to spend quite a bit of time talking about him later. Tell us about Uncle Tom, and then I want you to talk about Rex.

(Gloria) And I want to know if any of them were big teases.

Big teases? I should have told you one on Uncle Grant. Should I tell you? I was a young girl, a little girl, and I had a little apron on with a pocket. And he was cleaning the granary out, and it stood on the premises of the old home, near the street. He said, "Come here, Beulah, I have a gift for you." And I walked over, and he said, "Now open your little pocket and close your eyes." I did, now he said, "Now put your hand in." I became hysterical. He had put a nest of mice in my pocket. I just became very hysterical, and to this day, I can't even stand to think about it. It is a no no. Yes, they could all pull tricks. I remember my brother Howard since Ed passed away, I was over there one day. He said, "Beulah, take care of yourself. You know

I love you. He said, don't let people impose on you." He said, "I love you too much for you to be hurt." I appreciated that.

Now coming back to my brother Tom. With my brother Tom, there is a three year's difference in our ages. Brother Tom turned 80 years old last Thursday, June 11, and we celebrated by going to the temple together. He came and picked me up, he and Garda. After we had been through the temple we had dinner together in the cafeteria. But my brother Tom, I remember he was a roust-about, and he would run around, I can see him now, running around in the Ucon school gym, not the one as you know it, this is before they added that big gymnasium. He liked to beat the drum. He liked music, he always liked music, and he and Sarah, they were dancers. They looked beautiful on the floor. And they danced a lot in these church oriented programs of contest dancing. And they were good dancers. But Tom was always one that. . . he wouldn't let his sister sit on the sideline all night. He would see to it that he would dance with her. I appreciated it. Tom had a sense of humor, too. He can say funny things. He and Aunt Inez did a lot of singing together, too, and they really entertained a lot of people with their singing together. He and his sweet wife, Garda had been singing together, too. Brother Tom, I remember when he was so very sick in the mission field, and the Apostle LeGrand Richards was his mission president. I ran across a letter I had written to LeGrand Richards. I was a spokesman for the girls, and we got a response from LeGrand Richards, and he told what a wonderful brother Tom was. Tom almost lost his life with a ruptured appendix in the mission field, and he was taken into the mission office and taken care of by the Richards. Anyway, he spoke of what a great dedicated missionary Tom was. Tom has always been what I call a very loyal brother. He is handicapped now, but he does the best he can. I enjoyed Tom as my principal. I would watch him. He was one to try and make things go right. In fact, I've seen that in all my brothers. Right is right. It is a one-way street, and you go straight, and I've appreciated that in Tom. We roomed together up at Ricks one winter. There was Tom, Vera, and me, in a close little two-room apartment with a curtain drawn between us for sleeping. Anyway, we had great times together, great times.

What about Rex?

I remember nothing about Rex, only what my mother has said. He was born and he died before I came into the picture.

Where does he fall into the family line-up, Aunt Beulah.

Let's see, there's Howard, Grant, Minnie, Rex. . . He was number four.

He was the third boy?

Because I remember, I remember my mother said she often prayed for another boy when Rex passed away and the other boy was your father Reed. Mother said that she had nursed Rex, and she had laid him down, and when she came out of her sleep, he was gone.

What do they call that, crib death?

(Gloria) Infant death.

Do you remember how old he was when he died?

The record would say, but he was still an infant.

Well, I've enjoyed what you've said tonight. This has been a pleasant experience for me.

(Gloria) I would like to know about the early church when you were in primary, what you remember about primary, and mutual, if you had mutual in those days.

Oh, yes. Now we'd have Sunday School at 10:00, Sacrament Service at 2:00, and mutual in the evening.

(Gloria) On Sunday?

As I remember. Also, we had Tuesday evening for mutual. I remember we used to go up to Heise, I recall my father taking Sarah and me up to Heise, that is when we had to cross on a ferry. Anyway, I remember my father driving on to this ferry and he hit the dashboard, and the fellow yelled, "Hell, man, don't you have any brakes. My father said, "I thought I did. But I'm questioning it now." Sarah and I were so frightened that we went on with my father over to where the mutual girls stayed for the week. And we were so scared getting across that river, that we rode back with him, and that is quite a distance. We rode back with him to the ferry and watched him go across. And then we had to walk back to our campground. Anyway, yes, primary, I remember primary and all those sweet songs we would sing. And of course, I was a primary teacher. I enjoyed primary teaching. I did a lot of teaching. In fact, I've taught Sunday School, and taught in the Jr. Sunday School, been the coordinator in Jr. Sunday School, and I've been a teacher trainer in the stake for a number of years. I worked on the Sunday School Stake Board for many years. But anyway, eventually, they had priesthood on Monday night.

Do you remember when they used to have fast day on Thursdays?

No, that I don't recall. I remember my mother saying that they had fast day on Thursdays, but it was before my day. In fact, as I've given lessons to the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, it has been sometime before my day that fast day was on Thursdays. Did I answer your question completely?

(Gloria) Did they have a lot of dances?

Oh yes, that old Ucon dance hall, the floor, the hall wasn't much, you could sit on the side line and freeze to death at night. If you didn't get out and dance, you could freeze. The breeze would come right through those doors, but the dance floor was really good. I remember Minnie played for some of the dances. She played the piano, she would jazz it off. I remember I was 16 and she had found out I had been to the dance. That is what a saint she was. She thought I was wicked that I had been to the dance at age 16. She was true to the letter. Yes, they had lots of dances. They had children's dances on the holidays. I remember how we would dress up pretty and go to those children's dances in the afternoon in that old hall. And by the way, when speaking of Rula, she would be placed in many of their school plays as an adult, and they would have to go up to the old dance hall on that stage. The high school kids who were functioning in the plays, and she would go up there and put her act together. She had been in a number of plays. And when we were in Rigby High School, they would have put her in a play there, but it wasn't convenient for us to be there for her to practice. . . it was two weeks after our graduation. . .

(Gloria) Where is that old dance hall located? I'm not sure I know.

You know where his (Alyn's) parental home is? And then you cross the street to Jones's home. It was right next to Jones's home. I remember Joneses would get discouraged, people would go over and use their privvy. I remember one time I had a Christmas present of a slip, we called them petticoats. And I was so proud of that, and I put it on to go to that dance, and I was dancing, all at once I could feel something dangling. . . and that slip, the hem had come off. I was so embarrassed.

(Gloria) What else did you do for entertainment? Did you have hay rides?

Oh yes, the old school grounds was a favorite spot to run and play ball. In fact, this Philo Farnsworth (a Rigby boy who invented television) used to play over there as a young lad. (The Farnsworths lived in the Davenport home. In fact, two families lived in that home where Carl Davenport and Hester lived. It was Philo Farnsworth's family and Arthur Miskin.) Anyway, then we'd play Annie-I-Over with a ball, Annie-I-Over the garage. We'd play a lot with balls. We'd play hopscotch. We'd play hide-and-seek. We had lots of fun games at night. I

remember how I hated frogs, and I'll tell you why. Minnie would take us to bed early, and I heard those blamed frogs. She'd go up the stairs with the lamp, and light the way. I'd lay there it was so lonely there and you could hear those blamed frogs. I've never appreciated frogs. I think Shakespeare's quotation speaks for me: "The use of adversity, which like the toad, ugly and venomous, where yet a precious jewel in its head." Yes, we had a lot of fun games. In the winter there was a board by the pantry, and it was on a nail. And we'd take these bottle rings and throw them. We had numbers on it, and we'd see who could tally up the highest number by throwing these bottle rings on the nails. And, we'd play house. I used to like to play school more than play house. I always wanted to be a school teacher. We'd play jump-the-rope, marbles, and jacks.

(Gloria) How did you light your home and how old were you when you first got electricity?

Well, as I say, Aunt Minnie would take us to bed with a coil oil lamp.

(Gloria) I could just see that.

Yes. I can't tell you what age I was but I know this, I was a sleepwalker when I was just a young girl, quite a young girl. In fact, I remember studying with electricity through high school and through my upper grades of school. I remember that vividly. It was when I was a young child. But I remember father and mother had to take me downstairs because I would get up and sleepwalk and the things were torn up to install the electricity. I remember how we would have to clean the lamps, the globe part, you know what I mean. We'd have to clean those because it would get smoked over. I remember, too, the pot belly stove. It wasn't a big stove, but I remember warming myself in the corner of the living room where that was.

We eventually got a coal furnace. May I relate an incident here while I think of it. Speaking of the coal furnace, double doors closed over the grating and heat vent from that coal furnace. Those doors separated the front room from the living room, or the dining room. At one time, I was living with my mother and was teaching school in Ucon. I was teaching in the lower elementary. One day I was going to stay there and prepare my lessons, and I had the biggest urge that I had to get home. I knew that mother and Sarah were in town. I just felt like something was pushing me, literally pushing me out of that door. And so, I heeded the prompting that I must go home, immediately. I went home. When I opened the door, the heat was so intense, I couldn't stand it. I walked into the dining room, and it was red hot--the doors were sizzling. I ran down to the basement and turned it off (the furnace). It had caught. Well, Brother Miles came in. He said, "Beulah, your white as death, what's the matter?" I said, "Brother Miles, close the door. I was afraid any draft might set that house a fire. But that was a prompting of the Holy Ghost that I could not stay in school. I had to get home.

Where was Grandma?

She and Aunt Sarah had gone to town.

So no one was home?

There was no one home. I was told in my patriarchal blessing that I would be warned. This has happened a number of times to me that I have been warned. You know, you have to heed these promptings or you are in deep trouble.

(Gloria) Tell me how you handled the Saturday bath situation when you were young.

That was a ritual. We had a round tin tub. We'd put it in front of the coal stove and put the oven door down. We'd have to heat the water on the stove, and we'd get our Saturday night baths. My my, haven't we changed.

(Gloria) The youngest started and went up to the oldest, or the oldest down, or how did you...?

They tried to get the younger children bathed and cleaned and put to bed and then a change of water. You know, but they'd have to haul water from the creek, about two blocks away. Sometimes they'd chop ice out and melt it. Yes, I remember my mother washing on a board, the washboard. I remember that. I remember a gasoline washer that would go putt, putt, putt. Then at one time, I remember Sarah got her hand in the wringer of one of the washers. We thought she'd wrecked her hand. It took a little bit of surgery, but she was okay after that. But we finally got an electric washer.

(Gloria) I know after Grandma died, Alyn and I lived in that house one summer, and we had to have the fire going in the kitchen stove to heat the water.

Yes. I remember my father would get up and he'd put a copper boiler full of water across the two plates of the coal stove and heat it. I remember I was home four years after I got out of high school. This was during the Depression. Anyway, we would get our washing and Dot's done, and then May would bring her's over. It wasn't easy to come by a washer.

(Gloria) I have just a couple more questions. When Grandma would talk in tongues, was it normally during the fast and testimony meetings?

That was it.

(Gloria) And what is the story of Grandma's and Grandpa's meeting. Where did they meet? Were they both from Salt Lake?

They lived in that area. He and his brothers had built a little home in Draper for their mother, Jane Monday. Then she elected to come to Idaho to be a mother to her children. She has one son buried in Draper, Millard, and she has Heber, Newton, Robert, and a daughter, Josephine, buried in the Ucon cemetery. Now did I answer your question, I am kind of lost in thought?

(Gloria) How did they meet? What is the story of their marriage?

Now I can't give you any particulars. I don't know, they somehow got together. I can't tell you the particulars on that. I know she thought a lot of him. Of course, Uncle Heber and Robert were brothers. They married the Bawdin sisters (Lovenia and Annie). And mother had said that in the Bawdin home, if the boys didn't go home on time, Grandpa Bawdin would call on them to pray.

(Gloria) So which couple got married first?

Heber and Annie, I think. They were older. They were married in the endowment house. But my father and mother were married in the temple. The temple wasn't ready when Heber and Annie got married.

(Gloria) I've wondered where the endowment house was, and read something just the other day that it was located where the museum is now, the visitor center, where the Christus is.

Yes, it was in that general area. You would really enjoy these Daughters of the Utah Pioneer lessons that clue you in on a lot of these things.

(Gloria) Sure I would.

Do you have any other questions.

No, I think we'd better quit for the night. We don't want to over do it. We want this to remain in your memory as a pleasant experience, not a trial. But before we turn the machine off, I need to give the place and the date. We are in Idaho Falls and the date is June 14, 1992.

Reed, Melba, and Children

This is Alyn speaking, Gloria and I are here with Aunt Beulah in her home to ask her some questions and have her respond to these questions about Reed and Melba. Reed was her brother, my father. Melba, of course, is my mother. The date is Sunday, June 28, 1992. So, Aunt Beulah, the first question I want to ask you tonight is, how do you remember Reed as a young girl?

As a young girl I remember Reed as being one who loved music. He loved to dance. He loved sports. He loved to drive the car. In fact, I recall at one time, he, Tom, and I were in a little pickup and we were going over to, I think it was Ed Phillip's to get the hay knives sharpened. And they were in the back of the pickup. Tom was going to get in the back, and Reed said, "No, don't do that, Tom, get up in the front with Beulah and me." Which he did. We went two blocks up by the Forbes home and we hit dust. The next thing I remember we had flipped around and turned over. The Forbes boys saw us and they said, "We are amazed that you are alive. But I will always remember that because Reed had insisted that Tom get up in the cab.

Reed was one that. . . I always thought he was a little misunderstood, and I thought this conjectural on my part, but it is the way that I view it. He was brilliant. He superseded a lot of people intellectually, and there may have been a bit of jealousy involved there that brought about misunderstanding. And then my brother Reed was one who was quick with his temper. As I remember through all the years, he has been a very honest person. In fact, my mother said, "I've never caught Reed in a lie." He was honest, he was charitable, he would give the shirt off his back if he needed to. He was just that charitable. I always looked up to him as being a wonderful brother, a wonderful character that I was proud of. I came to know him even better when he asked me to work with him over to the Deseret Industries when it opened up and he was working there. And I watched how honest he was with people. He always tried to favor the underdog or the one not so privileged. I saw these notable traits in him. In fact, I felt that a lot of that I saw in my father also. I am proud of your father, Samuel Reed Andrus. We always called him Reed even though his name was Samuel Reed.

I enjoyed watching him dance. He loved to dance. I could see him now as he would swing around on that old Ucon amusement hall on that floor. . . it was a good floor. I can see him now as he would swing on that floor and enjoy it.

So did he attend many dances?

Yes he did.

Would he dance with his sisters?

Yes, not always, but yes, he would dance with us.

What did you and he and the other brothers and sisters do for amusement in that early day and age when you didn't dance?

We liked to go out on the school grounds and play games. We would play tag, pomp-pomp-pull-away, hide-and-seek. There was a lot of games we would play. . . and ball, we'd play ball. We did a lot of singing. It just seemed like. . . we'd have home games we would play that would help to take care of our time and we did a lot of singing together as a family. We were a singing family.

Do you remember when the first movies came to town?

I remember going down to lower Ucon to see the movies which, at that day and age, they didn't speak the words. We'd have to read the words. They'd give the character and then they'd flash what they said, and we'd have to read it. We had a playhouse in lower Ucon. Eventually, of course, Ucon gave way to Idaho Falls and we finally had some good shows in Idaho Falls.

Do you remember about when that was? When did movies come to Ucon?

Well, I was just a young girl. . . a young girl, not a young lady. But a young girl.

Now, you'll be how old in August.

I'll be 83 in August.

83 in August. Okay. So you don't remember how old you were?

No, except I remember I was just a little girl and I would look forward to go. And then I recall, as I grew to a young woman, every Memorial Day, once a year we got to see a movie in Idaho Falls. We'd go down to the cemetery and decorate the graves, and of course, it wasn't under perpetual care. My father, Robert Andrus, saw to it that it came under perpetual care before he died. When I was a young girl, we would decorate the graves with paper flowers that we had made, and we'd cover up the gopher holes and rub the graves and try to make them look attractive. And my mother would see to it that we would have homemade ice cream and we would come into Idaho Falls and see our annual movie. So Memorial Day was quite a date for us.

Aunt Beulah, did you recognize the traits of leadership in Reed when he was young? Or did those develop later as he grew into manhood?

As a young girl I sang to his direction. He was quite a leader in music and he had a chorus of young mutual girls. In fact, we took first place at one time under his direction. And some of the songs that I remember, I never hear them, but what I can see my brother Reed directing a young girls chorus of which I was a member. "The Swan Song." I love it. And then he directed choir. Some of the songs he loved "Come Thou, King of Kings." That was sung at his funeral. He loved the war songs of World War I. I remember how he really enjoyed the one "It was a long long trail a winding."

Was that a World War I song?

Yes. It is a World War I song.

I didn't know that.

Anyway, he had a vocabulary that was outstanding. At one time, my sister Inez and I went over to Boise while he was in the legislature. And as single girls teaching school, he wanted us to come over. We went over there and we could see he was quite a leader among his political pals. They respected him, they loved him. I remember how we all got together and sang, and boy, we had a following listening to us. Yes, very early, I could see he had abilities that, well, Reed. . . was a self-educated person. He didn't have the opportunity of a lot of academic training. But he certainly trained himself well, and availed himself of many opportunities. I still am amazed at how beautifully he supported a large family, but he worked hard. At everything. He was. . . He had novel ideas, which I think is a trait of a leader. I can't remember all the positions he might have held, but as I say, I felt that he was misunderstood by some people, but he had a sterling quality. He told it the way it was. He was very honest.

Have your perceptions of him changed as you have grown older?

I came to appreciate more fully as I associated with him in the Deseret Industries and watched him associate with people as they came in. I can tell one incident. He was so proud of a mattress that he was showing a couple, and they appeared to be quite, well, poverty stricken. Anyway, he was so proud to show that mattress, and he went to turn it over, there was a mouse nest and he said, "we're not selling that to you." Anyway, I appreciated so much my affiliation with him over there. I watched him deal with many classes of people, and he was just so honest about things, and so straight forward. He didn't try to cover anything. He told the truth as it was.

Are there any family stories about his birth? Any special stories about his birth that the family may have told that you remember?

Well, I remember my mother saying that the boy before Reed was born, died as a baby. . .

Excuse me, was that Rex?

Yes. And it was such a shock to my mother, and I remember her saying, she prayed for another boy. And that other boy was my brother Reed. And she was always proud of him. I recall how he came over from his home, walked through the lot at evenings, and I was a single girl teaching school in Ucon and living there in the parental home. And your father would come quite often at night and chat with us. Sometimes I'd have to go to bed early because I was just exhausted from the day's activities. So sometimes I would just walk out on them (Reed and Mother) and go to bed. I don't know whether I've answered your question.

(Gloria) So he was very concerned about his mother and checked in on her?

Yes. I remember when he was called to go on a mission, he was called to go to Holland, and he got. . . he was with the sheep and he got bitten by a tick, a woodtick, and the name of the illness has failed me right now. . .

Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever.

That is right. And it just laid him low. He was very very sick and we were very concerned about him. And so his mission had to be postponed until he gained strength. And then he did finally get to the point where he could go. And I recall so vividly, the moon was shining one night and he was going to go and I hated to see him go. He said he struggled with the language, but he learned it beautifully. He was an honorable missionary and he served well in that mission. He loved it.

One other thing that I have enjoyed about Reed as a young man, he was affiliated with four other men, and they had a male quartet. And they sang often. My brother Reed, Lowell Cramer, Ray Andrus, and Dan Simmons. They sang so much. In fact, they sang on KID when it first started to operate. They harmonized so beautifully.

What part did dad sing in that quartet, do you remember?

I'm not sure, I'm just not sure. But I don't think it was a lower part. Lowell Cramer was the lowest. I think Ray Andrus was the highest.

Tenor.

He was kind of in between.

What do you remember about dad's going to college?

I remember my mother would fix some dried corn and some pork and some things, and she would get a lot of stuff ready and send it up. My sister Minnie and sister Sarah were both there at the same time as he was. I remember how they would go up there sometimes, they would get on the train at Ucon and go up to Rexburg. The winters were severe, but he enjoyed it. And of course, I was younger, I don't recall. . . I don't know about that up there. I just can't relate to it.

About how old would you have been then, do you remember?

Well, how old would your dad be?

How much younger than he are you?

That's what I'm trying to figure out.

(Gloria to Alyn) What year was your father born?

I think he was born in 1905.

1905, and I was born in 1909.

So you were four years younger.

But I always felt like he was much much older than I.

Let's see. Dad was 72 when he passed away, and he passed away in 1976. So, that would be 14, 16 years ago. So 16 on to 72 would be 82 plus 6 is 88. He would be 88. Now how old are you?

I'll be 83 in August.

(Gloria) About five years.

So he was about five years older than you.

(Gloria) Who is there between Reed and you?

Well, after Reed came, Sarah and then Rula and then me. I was number eight.

So Aunt Sarah and Aunt Rula were after dad.

Yes.

I think we have visitors. Turn it off, Gloria. (END SIDE 1)

Gloria and I are in Aunt Beulah's house again to interview her about my father Reed and my mother Melba. We were in here about three weeks ago and we were interrupted and had to stop the interview. We have not been able to get back until tonight. The date is July 19, 1992, and I think, Aunt Beulah, we will start by asking you to respond to this question: Who were dad's boyhood friends, both male and female? Do you remember them?

Evan Jenkins was his very closest friend.

Who was Evan's father? Do you remember Evan's father's name?

His father was Evan Jenkins.

So Evan would be a brother to Bill and Spencer and Don.

That's right. His mother's name was Alice.

Was Alice Jenkins a Lot? Weren't the Jenkins and the Lots related? How did that work?

I'm just trying to think. Turn off your tape, I don't want to waste your tape.

Okay, Aunt Beulah and I have been talking about the Lots and Jenkins and finally got it worked out. Bill Jenkin's wife, Athene, was a Lot. Okay, who were some of his female friends, do you remember?

Well, he had a few girls, but I know he was quite a dancer and he enjoyed dancing. The one I remember the most was Melba Brown, whom he married, your mother. He fell for her.

Since you've introduced mother into the interview, let's talk about her. How do you remember Melba?

My first reflections on her was. . . she was a good teacher, elementary teacher, and she had a beautiful singing voice. I remember when she sang she would pronounce the words so clearly, that you got not only her beautiful harmony, but you got the words. I always enjoyed hearing her sing. I remember her as being quite a petite particular lady. She was quite methodical. She was versatile. She was capable in so many ways. She was a very tidy, clean lady. She was a lady that related well with people, and around sick people. I remember one incident in the hospital when I asked for a blessing, and there was something that was said by the Elder that came in. Your mother just turned to him and she said, "Her sister has passed away. She is struggling. Now don't talk about things like that." I think I had asked for a blessing and they wondered whether they should give it. But your mother was one that was good to put people in their place. I appreciated that in her. I appreciated the fact that she was always very tidy and clean. I remember one time we took a trip up to Yellowstone as a family. Shortly after your dad's and her marriage, oh, it could have been a year or so. Anyway, I remember how she carried disinfectant around. She was very nervous about getting something (a disease).

I recall that your dad and mother had just been married when my sister Rula met an untimely death in a car accident in which my father and mother and sister Sarah were in. They were going down to June conference and to an Andrus reunion when the car hit the shoulder, or something happened to the mechanics of the car. Anyway, your mother and dad were in our home when they came back that night to tell us.

What was her disposition like?

Your mother, I thought, was always a very patient person. She had learned the art of patience. I remember, too, that she would make frequent visits over to the Mike Randall home, and I really thought at the time, she must be weary . . . she had a family of young children. And this is Beulah thinking. And I thought maybe she just had to get out and clear the air, but she would come over, frequently to my friends home. I was there because I was a single lady. In fact, I remember four years I was out of high school before I got back to college. I just graduated from high school a short time when your parents were married. She often said to me, "I used to feel sorry for you, you'd be scrubbing that floor, and sometimes the boys would come in and walk on your wet floor." She had a lot of compassion. I recall that so well. Her virtues were outstandingly good, she was a queenly lady. She had so much compassion. She always dressed neatly, she knew what it was to live on a shoestring, but her family never looked shabby. She always had her children look clean and neat and well dressed.

(Gloria) And hopefully well behaved.

Yes. Yes. Well, the family speaks well from good rearing of a good father and a good mother.

So would you say that there was a good relationship between her, you, and your sisters and brothers and Grandpa and Grandma Andrus?

Very good.

Was there a good relationship between her and dad? Did they love each other and get along well with each other?

Yes, well, they had their differences like all of us do. There would be times like we all encounter where we can disagree. . . where we can disagree without being disagreeable. But she was one that stood behind your dad very well. She saw to it that he was clean and well, but he was a tidy man, too.

What do you remember about their courtship?

Their courtship? It was short lived, of what I remember. I remember we were all in the car one night, and we were singing one of the popular songs of the day. Your Aunt Therel (Melba's sister) used to play. I remember going up to your Grandpa Brown's home. I don't recall a whole lot about the courtship except I remember my brothers said to your dad Reed. This Melba Brown is a single person, why don't you go get her? Why don't you step her? Of course, he wanted to be the one to make up his own mind about things, which we all like to do. Nevertheless, he did, and they went down to Salt Lake, and when they went down to be married, he went into the bedroom to talk to our parents. And he said, "I don't know whether I want to go through with this or not." My mother said, "Reed, you must make up your mind now." I think he was just a little apprehensive in wondering whether he could. . . money was hard to come by. The finances. He was always a caring person that way. I think it frustrated him. He didn't know whether he could support a wife. And I recall, too, that she taught school a while after they were married. She taught school, but she still kept the home up very well. She kept food on the table. I recall so vividly when you and Geniece were little tots, and they came into the apartment house where I was staying up in Rexburg, and I remember seeing you two, each one of them had one of you in their arms. I remember that vividly. I do recall he would go up to Parker when school was out. I remember he would go up to Lots where your mother stayed while she was teaching. He would go up there. I can't remember a lot of little incidentals.

About how old would you have been when they were married? I think they were married in 1929.

1929. Well if I was born in 1909. . .

You would have been about 20 years of age.

I would have been 19, I believe.

Are there are any special experiences you remember involving dad and mother and their children? Anything that stands out in your mind?

Well, there was one Christmas, Aunt Inez and I were single. We were somewhat bored at holiday time. Mother said, "Why don't you go over and see your brother Reed and his family." She knew what she was doing. She was a wise mother. We went over there, and I recall how excited your dad was. He was really excited. You children, you just glowed. The anxious anticipation of Santa Claus coming. We saw the stockings and we realized that your father and mother were not blessed with a lot of this world's goods, but I learned then and there what a child can do at Christmas time. And we caught the Christmas spirit, and boredom left us. That was a great teaching experience, and the importance of family, children, and parents who join with the children to really make a happy marriage, and Christmas. Thank God for the precious gift of memories. That was one memory that stands out in my mind. I recall, too, that your mother wasn't above going into the field and working along with the rest of us. Picking potatoes and so forth. She was a worker and she was a house wife.

Are there any other experiences involving them and their children that you remember?

Well, I recall how they were thrilled when they'd see their children participate publicly in church activity. It was a real choice experience for them. I would observe them and watch the expression on their faces when they watched their children respond or if their children participated in anything. Their faces just glowed with thanksgiving for a family like that.

What do you remember about Gordon's death and how it affected the family, especially dad and mother?

A few nights before Gordon died, I could see him so plainly. Your father and Gordon and my mother, and whom else, I'm not sure. But we were in the old home, and I remember Gordon sat on the table, and he had a million dollar smile, and I looked at him. There was something in that look that I will never forget. It was kind of an infinite expression, and I worried about it. I was Gordon's teacher when he was in the second grade. He was always a happy child. I remember one time we were in the garden and he was chastising his brothers because they needed to get busy and help weed that garden. He was old for his age. He was quite mature. When the word came to me, I knew I had had a premonition. That night I'll never forget when I saw Gordon. I could see him so plainly. He glowed. That smile, that was just an infinite smile. I looked at him, well, I always loved the little fellow, he was a beautiful person. He was

one of God's chosen spirits. And this broke your dad's heart, it really broke his heart. But your mother, she was the one who gave us support. She was the support at that time. Anyway, it was something that hit us all very hard, because he was a shadow of your father. Wherever your father was, Gordon was there. He was at his side. He just loved your father, and he just trailed along closely all the time. And I wasn't surprised that he was with him, but it just hit your father so hard, it was hard for him too. I think it stayed with him throughout his life.

Yes, I think that is right. That's what dad said. That is what mother said about him. What do you remember about the funeral?

Well, I am blank about that. Memories sift in and out, in and out.

I think Uncle Tom preached the funeral service.

Yes, I recall that Uncle Tom did that, and I remember his saying that Gordon was an advanced spirit where he is without his body. He was a goodlooking chap, but they felt that he was in advance of his years. It was a peaceful good funeral. I recall when I went into their home of Rich, a baby, in one of these baby beds, scrambling around with the supports up in the bed. I recall that so vividly, of going into the home and seeing Rich there as a baby.

How did Grandma take Gordon's death? Do you remember?

It was hard on Grandma. Grandma loved her grandchildren. Of course, the fact that we had seen Gordon, he had been over a night or two before this happened. It was just a choice experience, I will never forget that experience. I've seen him sitting there on the table smiling at me. I'll never forget it. And, of course, Mother tried to be a support too, to your dad. It was difficult, but she was one who always tried to brace up and keep the faculties about her so that she could be a source of support to others. That is the kind of woman my mother was. She was compassionate, but she was also a mother who had been brought to tears many times. I've seen her cry a lot around your father. Sometimes he'd be so worried about his finances, and I've seen her cry.

World War I, World War II and the Great Depression

An interview with Aunt Beulah in her home at Idaho Falls on June 28, 1992.

Let's shift now to some more general topics. We've been talking about dad and mother and their children. Before we start talking about you and your life, I wanted to ask you two or three questions about general topics. For example, what do you remember about World War I?

World War I?

The family picture was taken, my mother and father and their children. I recall of our going down to the Ucon railroad station to see my brother Howard off and how we all cried because we didn't know if we would see him again. I remember how we were concerned about this war and when the war ended and then when the Armistice was signed, I remember my father going over to the old school out there, a two-story red brick school, and ringing a big bell, and the bell had a big long rope, and he would keep ringing that bell. Because we didn't have a lot of telephones, and that brought the village people around so that he could tell them that the Armistice was signed and the war was over. My brother had gotten out on the ocean, but he did not get over to Europe. They turned around and came back. I recall too, of his suit and his guns he brought home and put in the boys' closet upstairs. And I was always scared to death of those guns. I just hoped they would get rid of them, and they finally did. But I remember how happy we were when my brother Howard came home, he and my brother-in-law Jack Phillips went at the same time.

I remember some of the World War I songs that we would sing. There is one "Smile Awhile You Kiss Me Sad" that your father, Reed Andrus, liked to sing. Anyway, there were a number of them that were very popular. But everybody was just tied in stitches because we didn't know what to anticipate next.

You would have been about thirteen years old when Uncle Howard left for the service?

Well, he left in about 1918 and I was born in 1909.

Were there a lot of young fellows from the Ucon area that went to the service?

The one that I recall at that time was Jack Phillips, my brother Howard Andrus, Perry Clegg, and his life was taken. He was the oldest. I'm not sure about George Robinson. There was

another, George Starky. I think he didn't come back. They were friends of Howard. This Perry Clegg was a choice boy.

I know the war had a horrible impact on me as a young girl. It frightened me. It was a maddening experience. The flu epidemic came during that period. It was a treacherous flu. My mother and father made a promise that they would go and help take care of the sick and the dying, but they would not bring the flu to their family. And not one of us got the flu except Howard when he was over in the service. I remember we had Sacrament Meeting in our home, we'd have the sacrament. I remember that so vividly during the war. Because mother and father would go out night after night among the sick and dying and they couldn't have time for funerals. There were a number who passed away during that time. They didn't have the antibiotics or the wonderful facilities we have now. Antibiotics! We didn't know what that was.

I remember reading that the flu epidemic following the war took more lives than we lost in the war. Our casualties in World War I number 125,000 and the flu, as I recall took about twice that many.

I remember one thing, mother would put some sulphur in our shoes. We delighted in going to the coal stove and scratching our head over it and see the blue fames. That sulphur was supposed to help. And, oh, we took epsom salt for a laxative, and castor oil. To this day, I still have to watch how I drink orange juice, mother doctored castor oil with the oranges.

Gloria is laughing because that is exactly how I used to take castor oil. Mother would mix it with orange juice. Mother would mix it with orange juice then she'd stir it up and that would cause some foam on top. I cannot drink orange juice with foam on top today.

(Gloria) How did you get news of the war? Was it on the radio, or in the newspaper?

I think my father had a telephone, but there were very few telephones. I think he got it through the telephone. That is when he went over to ring the big bell in the loft of the two-story red bricked school. By ringing that bell constantly, the village people came to be told, and they really came. There must have been some understanding that they'd get messages through that way.

What do you remember about World War II?

I remember about World War II that I was concerned about my nephews. I was really concerned. I was teaching school. I went into my first year of paid teaching in lower

elementary and eventually I went over to the high school to teach. I remember Johnny Fretwell, Clair Tracy, and a number of the Tracy boys, being called up in the war. I remember Irvin Miskin, he was a pilot and he flew contrary to rules over Ucon in a big bomber. But he was killed early in the war.

Merrill Andrus went into the service. He was a bombardier wasn't he?

Yes, yes. We were all very very worried.

Clair Tracy went into the army before he and Aunt Inez met. . . before they decided to get married?

Yes, oh yes. During the war we had a full month of potato vacation because they had to use the students. We were so depleted of the young men because they were in the war. And during that time, is when Superintendent Catmull advised me to go out and get my degree. I had a degree for teaching elementary, but I had wanted to get one for English major and speech minor and like. He said, "Why don't you go down to Utah." So I went down to Logan and in four weeks time, I had fifteen hours of college credit. Then I took some through the winter to be able to get my degree by spring. I remember when I married Uncle Ed, we were in Lewiston. He hired help that were prisoners of war.

German prisoners?

Yes, I remember that.

Do you remember when the war was over?

Yes. Isn't that strange, it doesn't come through as clearly as the World War I. I think it was because I was an impressionable age during World War I and everything hit me real deep and I was real scared. I was pretty nervous about it. But we were all elated and we were just really happy when we knew that World War II was ended. I remember Catmull bringing in a lot of clothes, the neighborhood brought in clothes to ship to Russia. He asked me if he could dump them in my classroom. I stumbled over those clothes for some time before they got them shipped out. I guess he thought I was one that he could maneuver without complaint. But I remember, too, that when Clair Tracy came into church, and he told Aunt Inez, "You look like an angel," she knew she was going to marry him. She was directing the singing. That was his first public appearance following World War II. But Clair Tracy could tell some horrible things they experienced in that war, but he chooses not to talk about.

What do you remember about the Great Depression?

I remember. . . I coveted my sister Sarah. She was in a warm building and teaching school in Ucon Elementary. One time. . . the school didn't have a telephone and I was constantly going over there to take messages. One time she said, "Why don't you come over and spend the day." I thought, "Oh, she's warm, she's warm. I would like to be this warm all the time." My father was burning slack coal and green wood. I'd sit right over the furnace and just freeze. We were rationed, we were really rationed. Now that was during the Depression. I recall he had a lot of things to do to help the people. It wasn't easy. He'd give the shirt off his back, and your dad was that way. He'd give the shirt off his back; he was just very charitable. But I never want to live through another Depression. I remember Sam Hill took my father and me up to Rexburg to leadership, and I remember spit bathing over the furnace in the front room side because it was too cold any place else. We went up to Rexburg. My father was a bad diabetic, and if he didn't get a little food, he could go into a coma. During the lunch time, he and I walked downtown. I remember him pulling a few sheckles out of his pocket and he says, "Well my daughter Beulah, this is what I have. Would you like to go in and get something to eat?" I said, "I don't need the food, but you do." "Oh, I can't do that." I said, "You've got to. Mother sent me with you to see that you ate." It really hurt his feelings, but he didn't have a choice. We were really short and low on money. We didn't starve because we had farm produce. We ate well, but we didn't dress fabulously well, but we were clean. I remember I had two dresses that I could put on. In fact, when I went to high school they were both second-hand. One was a hand-me-down from Minnie and the other was a hand-me-down from my sister-in-law Dot. I liked the one of Dot's the best because it was more pretty. Minnie's was a heavy jersey. I remember one time, mother said, "Now Beulah, it is cold today, you'd better wear that heavy jersey dress." I said, "I don't want to, mother." My father said, "Young woman, you get that dress on." And I said, "No, it stinks." We couldn't wash the clothes like we do now. We didn't need to wonder what dress do I wear today. We just knew what was available, and it wasn't much.

Do you know whether Grandpa Andrus had a hard time making mortgage payments during the Great Depression.

He had a struggle. I remember he really struggled. He tried to keep it from us. But we could see it written on his brow, he would worry so much. I recall one time, Minnie, Sarah, Vera, and myself all had turns at working for Dr. H. Ray Hatch and his wife. At one time I wanted to keep the money they would give me and apply it against a debt I incurred when I had a ruptured appendix, but I wasn't able to do that. Actually, it wasn't much money because I didn't make that much. But, yes, Alyn, I have often wished that my father and mother had known more of the comforts of life that I know and had more financial help to deal with them.

They were struggling also, to keep the sheep herd going. I was thinking as I was sitting on the patio yesterday of your dad and Uncle Tom and how they would help shear the sheep. We did all we could to help bring in the support. We grew up knowing hard work. I feel today there wouldn't be the crime there is if children had to work.

I think you're right. Gloria, do you have any questions you would like to ask?

What do you remember about Alyn's illness when he was a baby?

I remember that Alyn was very frail and he was very sick, and he looked sick. Was it mumps?

I think it was tonsils.

Tonsils. Anyway, I remember that he was very sick because we were all very worried about him. He was frail, he was pale. We were concerned that he wouldn't recover. He did, you know. Priesthood blessings do a lot for us. We think of miracles, and sometimes there were more miracles in yesteryear because we were subjected to a life where we had to depend on the Lord. We couldn't say, "hey I don't need you." And yet, I think we've got some of the strongest youth today and you are around where you see them.

I think that's all.

Beulah Leona Andrus Beutler

Gloria and I are in Aunt Beulah's house tonight to ask her some questions about her life. The date is August 2, 1992. We are here in Idaho Falls. We have interviewed Aunt Beulah on a couple of other occasions and she talked about her father and her mother, brothers and sisters. On another occasion she talked about my father Reed and mother Melba, and also about World Wars I and II and the Great Depression. Tonight we just want you to talk about yourself, Aunt Beulah. I am going to start by asking you to give your birthday and then to describe the circumstances surrounding your birth. And give your birth order. Where do you come in the family?

My name is Beulah Leona Andrus Buhler. The name Beulah was given by my father to my mother while he was serving a mission. Leona was given by Uncle Heber who is a brother of my father Robert Andrus. I was born in what is known as Ucon now. I was born 25th of August, 1909. At that time, I was born in a two-room log house which stood on the west lawn of the old parental home which is a two-story great big structure which still stands. I was born in that log house. My father was on a mission at the time. In fact, he was reluctant about going, but his sister was a mid-wife and she took care of my mother. My mother said that she had an easier time with my birth than any of the children. She said she had an easy time but she had a hard time keeping me here. Yes, there were many times. I will live on this earth by walking by faith. That is the way it has been. My father was in the Southern States mission serving a two-year mission at the time of my birth. My mother kept a picture of my father before me, and I have a picture of my mother, my oldest brother Howard and myself as a baby, that she had taken to send to my father.

So, where do you come in the family line-up?

I am number eight.

So, you are. . . which girl are you?

There were six girls, and I am the fourth girl of number eight in a family of eleven children.

So, Aunt Beulah, how old would Grandpa and Grandma have been when you were born?

Well, mother was born in 1872. My father, I think, was born a year after that.

So she would have been 28 plus 9. . . 37 years old. And then you said Grandpa was a year younger than she?

I think he was a year younger, he would have been 36.

Why would they call him on a mission when he had a large family to look after. Do you have any ideas about that?

Well, if you look back through the history of the church, a lot of that was done, you know. Brigham Young left his wife with a family, and they were all bed-ridden. In fact, he was sick when he went on a mission to England. They just used to live by faith. A lot of these brethren just left their wives and their family, and went out without purse or script. That is just about the way it was. I know my Aunt Josephine told my father that she would not wait on my mother. Mother almost died with a previous birth which was my sister Rula Ireland Andrus. My father said, "But you will wait on her." And she did.

By wait on her, did he mean that she would take care of her?

That she would take care of the birth.

So, he left for the mission field with seven children and one on the way. Is that right?

Yes, actually, there was one deceased.

Rex?

Rex. He lived just a few months. But I was number eight. If Rex hadn't died, there would be that many in the home when I came.

So there were six, right? And you were on the way? Okay, maybe you said this, and I missed it. How long had Grandpa been out before you were born?

Well, I would have to go to his history as to the day that he left, but he took care of Uncle Heber, his brother. He took care while Uncle Heber went on a mission. And then Uncle Heber came home. This is an interesting thing, too, I noted I studied the Daughter of the Utah Pioneer history. A lot of times when these people went on a mission, they were able to leave some of their children with another wife to be cared for. This wasn't true in our case. My mother just. . . she really had to work.

How old was the oldest boy? Uncle Howard?

I think Uncle Howard was about fourteen years. . . I'd have to go back to the history to make sure.

Well, he wouldn't have been all that old, would he?

Now, Minnie was born in 1900. They were about four years difference between her and Howard.

So he really wouldn't have been old enough to take over without some supervision.

Yes, and they really. . . these young men never really knew what it was to play around in their younger years.

Well, I have a list of questions here. Tell a little bit about the house you were born in. You said you were born in a log house?

My father had gotten these logs by floating them down the Snake River and helped to build this house. It was a two-room log house with a little lean-to for the kitchen.

Did it have a dirt floor?

No, no it had a wood floor. We had very meager lighting, you know, and also our heating system wasn't anything great.

Guess you'd have to heat it with just a stove. A woodburning stove?

Yes.

No running water?

No, we didn't have any indoor plumbing.

The only running water you had was the water you ran to the creek to get?

That's right. Mother said they would spend one day in the winter to chop ice out of the canal, melt it, and then the next day do the washing on a little old board, a wash board.

Okay, let's talk about your health for a few minutes. Were you a healthy baby when you were born.

Well, according to my mother I was. However, she said I was such a patient little baby that when she went to undress me, she had to cut the shoes off my feet. That is what they call infantile paralysis which is actually polio. It then hit me. I went on. I remember of going in a buggy over to Rigby for surgery. I remember my father going through the river in that buggy. I was a young girl. Anyway, the doctor said they would have to cut the cord in my foot or I would become club foot. By cutting the cord it would stunt the growth. So as a consequence, I have been a cripple all my life and I've had to stuff the end of my shoes. I've never been able to wear fancy shoes like the ladies like with their heels and so forth. I get a brand of shoe that fits well and I stay with it.

How old were you when polio struck?

Well, I was just a baby. I don't even remember. I was just a baby.

But you weren't operated on until later.

That's right. I remember the time I was operated on.

(Gloria) Would you be four or five then?

No, I think I was in lower elementary. I remember going up to the mountain. We went as a family experience, and I remember watching my family run around on the mountains and hills and picking flowers and I was on crutches. I remember that.

Did Grandma ever talk much about when you got polio as a baby?

No, she just told of that incident about my being so patient, or she had detected before that when she went to undress me she had to cut my shoes off. She couldn't get them off any other way.

Because your feet were swollen?

Yes. They called it infantile paralysis.

(Gloria) That was a dreaded disease, wasn't it Aunt Beulah?

Yes, the doctors have since told me that my bone structure was wrecked because of that childhood illness. That is why I've had such a problem.

(Gloria) But you were the only one in the family that was afflicted?

Yes.

Did you have any other particular health problems besides polio?

Well, when I was a teenager, I was very ill. Mother was a good nurse, but she wasn't acquainted with anything like appendicitis. I was in the eighth grade and I just didn't get better. There was a brother, one of the General Authorities, Brother Barton his name was. And he said to my folks, "I think you'd better see a doctor." Well, it came easy at night. The next morning I screamed pain and that is when they called the doctor and they took me into the hospital. I heard the doctor, it was Dr. H. Ray Hatch and Dr. Jabez West. They were both Latter-day Saint doctors, and I heard Dr. Hatch say she's not going to make it. I called my mother to my bed, and I told her, "He thinks I'm not with it, but I am with it, I am going to live. And before those doctors operate, I want them to use the priesthood and give me a blessing." My father and my brother Howard administered to me before we left, but I said they are not going to do surgery on me with the idea I can't make it. So, they administered to me and they promised me life. That was in the day and age when they didn't have antibiotics. They gave you ether. If you weren't sick you got sick from that stuff. I was in the hospital for three weeks and they wouldn't have let me come home then, only they knew my angel mother was a very competent caring person. But I was months getting well. They put a drain tube in the side of my stomach, and that side always hurt. I never felt good. The whole side of my stomach was scar tissue. Where the drain tube had been, it was like it had grown to my innards.

I was in Burley teaching school after my marriage and I had periodically a hernia come out on me. A cousin of mine said, "You won't get by, you'll still have to have that taken care of." And then it happened that I was before my students there in Burley teaching English and all at once my hernia came out and I grabbed it, and tears rolled down my cheeks, and I had to explain what was happening. So then I had to ask for a month again to retire from that year's teaching and I went back to Idaho Falls where Dr. Steve Hatch, the son of the older Dr. Hatch was the physician and doctor. His father helped, but his father said, "Here lies before you a miracle." But, my husband, Edward Beutler was in Idaho Falls. We decided we couldn't make it in Burley for his building, so he was living with my sister Sarah. My mother called him up

and said, "I want you to call Beulah and tell her to submit to surgery. I've seen in a dream what they'll do. They will take away all that ugly scare tissue and leave a more refined incision." And that is the way it turned out.

So Grandma Andrus saw the surgery in the dream?

Yes. She saw what they did.

There was no way you could say no after you had learned that.

No, I had got so bad that I didn't have any choice. I left the two children. Larry was a sixth grader and Valene was a ninth grader. Anyway, I left them in a little apartment in Burley to shift for themselves. And I came back to Idaho Falls for the surgery.

During your professional career, you taught school most of your adult life, did you stand a lot on your feet?

Yes, I did.

Did your foot and ankle hurt you?

Only when I would injure them like I did yesterday. I would come home and my leg would be tired and I wanted to soak my feet. I can't say that I suffered greatly. I enjoyed teaching, so any hurt I might have, I tried to rise above it.

Let's talk about your education and your profession for a few minutes. When did you first decide you wanted to teach?

When I was a little girl. In the old parental home in the winter on a Sunday afternoon and we'd have time on our hands, I always wanted to play school instead of house. I've always had that as a dream that I just must teach school. But the Depression came after I got out of high school, so I was out of school for four years before I got back into college.

Okay, so you would have graduated from high school about eighteen. Is that right?

Well, they held me back a year and I was late entering too, so I think I was about nineteen.

So four years on to that would be twenty-three years before you got to college, right? Where did you go to college?

I went for two years at Ricks College in Rexburg, Idaho. And then I went for a full year down to Utah State University. At that time they called it Utah State Agricultural College. I went a full year there with the idea of becoming an English major Speech minor in the field of education. But father died. On his death bed he called me to his bed and he said, "Beulah, I regret that I am not going to live to see you get your degree. But I'd like you to make me a promise that you will fulfill a mission and that you will get your degree so you can teach in high school." I filled that mission, by two summers and winters as a stake missionary in Idaho Falls North Stake, and two summer missions in Eastern Canada around Lake Ontario. I completed my degree by going summers. And then the fall of 1944 when there was a war, school closed four weeks (for harvest). (End side 1)

(Gloria) Okay, so you were out of school for four weeks.

George Catmul was my principal, and he said, "Why don't you go and pick up some hours. Get that degree." I lacked, well, I think it was around thirteen hours plus nine. Anyway, I went down to Utah State and I took a class of education, a class of speech, and then I signed up to take by correspondence, a big class of American Literature, from the beginning of the nations history up to the present time 1945. I got an "A" out of that. And I acquired a lot of valuable information about literature. Anyway, I prepared myself so that by June 1945 I was qualified to go down to Logan, go through the line, and get my degree.

So the literature class that you took by correspondence completed your requirements for a bachelors degree.

Yes, and during that year, I spent my first year teaching English. The summer before I went to the BY with my sister Inez. (She wanted to spend the summer at the BY because of her music.) And I registered in a class of technical grammar and I learned so much. I felt more qualified to teach English. And so I was able to teach English and I had taught. . . I'm trying to think now, I think I taught a year before acquiring my degree. At that time they permitted us to teach without a degree.

So, where were you teaching? In Ucon?

Yes.

In the high school?

Yes. I taught eight years in Ucon second grade and then I moved into high school. As I moved in, I moved in as a regular teacher.

I remember you taught me in the second grade. Do you remember me in the second grade? How could you forget me?

Yes, I remember you. I remember the little rhythm band you and Paul Hill played in. I remember so vividly. Yes. I've got a picture of you.

Who was the first grade teacher? Dorothy Seedal? And then you taught me again in high school. Do you remember that?

Yes. I remember that.

No wonder you are worn out.

(Gloria) Did he ever make you cry?

She probably went home and cried every night.

I got worried about him. He was thinking he was going to be a farmer. There were times when he wasn't too interested in subjects academically. I knew he had a lot of potential.

Well, I changed a little as I got older. I got a little more interested in school and a little less interested in farming.

You get too soon old and too late smart. Anyway, I could see a great potential in you.

So, how many years have you taught?

Well, in the classroom, thirty-seven and a half years. If I add my private tutoring of summers and after school, and so forth, then I could say I have been a professional teacher nigh unto forty years.

(Gloria) Aunt Beulah, you mentioned teaching in Burley. How long did you teach there?

Only one year. And one year in Shelley. When we came back from Burley I was trying to get back in District 93. And they didn't have an opening for English, so I taught English in the junior high in Shelley. Then they opened up in Ucon so I moved back. Now why it was a half year. I got married and was out of teaching for a few months. That is how come I say thirty-seven and a half years in a classroom.

Did you teach in the same school system or the same district with any of your brothers and sisters?

Yes. My brother Grant was the seminary teacher. My sister Sarah was teaching in the district at that time. My sister Inez taught in Rigby and my brother Tom taught. My brother Tom eventually became my principal when I was teaching in the Ammon Jr. High.

When you taught at the high school in Ucon while Uncle Grant was the seminary teacher, you were teaching in high school. Was Aunt Sarah teaching at that time in that district?

Aunt Sarah raised her family. She had taught, as I remember, during the Depression, years I was out. Because I remembered I envied her because she was in a warm building. She raised her family and then she came back to teaching school.

As I remember, Uncle Howard was on the school board during some of those years.

(Gloria) What about your father?

My father died before he saw me teach at all. See, you remember I made a commitment that I would.

When I was in the eighth grade, my sister Minnie was sick for a week and they permitted me to go and teach her second grade class for a week.

When you were in the eighth grade?

When I was in the eighth grade. I taught her second grade class for a week, and Dee Jenkins was one of her students.

Did you enjoy that?

Yes, I enjoyed it. They wouldn't do that now, would they?

No, I don't think so.

Who were some of your friends, your close friends?

Well, as I was growing up, Stella Cramer was a close friend. She would come to our place and I would go to her place and Alice Tyler Byington. She was the daughter of Dan Tyler. Stella

Cramer was the daughter of Alfred and Emily Cramer. So I've been in their home. Now Lola Miskin was about my age. We would get together but it wasn't a close relationship. In my teaching career, Dorothy Seedal Peterson was a very dear close friend. In fact, I knew I was going to give Dorothy's life history before I was asked. I said to Ed one day, "We've got to go to Rexburg." But why? he said, "I don't know why, but we've got to go see Dorothy." "We've got to go now." So we went up, and that's the last time I saw Dorothy alive. She went to Salt Lake for surgery.

Was she involved in an automobile accident? Is that what killed her?

No, she had a heart problem and that's what caused her death.

Was she involved in an auto accident?

I never remembered any automobile accident. She died of heart problems and I went up to Rexburg and remember talking with her, and she was going the next day to Salt Lake for surgery. She never recovered.

Wasn't her husband Eugene Peterson?

Yes. I've been on trips with those two before they were married. We went down into Arizona, around the Grand Canyon.

Would you say that some of your best friends were your sisters?

I am glad you brought that up because I didn't really need. . . we had knit such a close relationship. In fact, we sang a lot, and we had a sisters quartet. My sister Minnie played for us when we wanted an accompanist. I used to sing with my sister Rula when we were in elementary school. No, really, I didn't vie for a lot of friends because I had a close friendship and a good relationship with my sisters.

And you've maintained that relationship through the years.

Very close, very close knit relationship.

Let's talk a few minutes about your special interest. We already know based on what you've told us that you loved to teach and your major was English Literature, grammar and speech. Over and beyond that, what were your special interests -- your talents and hobbies?

Well, I just loved to sing with my sisters. We called ourselves the Andrus Sisters Quartet. We did a lot of singing up and down the valley on various occasions. I love to sing. I love to write poetry. I've had some poetry published, I had one published in the Liahona, I had a piece of poetry published in the Teacher's Anthology of English Teachers of the Nation. I have endured the writing of poetry, and I've done a lot of writing of histories -- many histories. Many of them my relatives. I enjoy writing letters. As for my reading, I've never really enjoyed just novels. I wanted something real to life. I like biographies, autobiographies and something I realize it wasn't some fictitious something. However, when I was younger, I remember one book kept me interested because the title was So Big. But I've enjoyed studying and reading the old bards. I like Shakespeare, Tennison, Emerson, Bryant. The one that President McKay always quoted. Do you remember?

No, not right now.

Anyway, there is a number . . . Shelly, Keates. I always enjoyed. . . why did I enjoy that poetry. They had a basic something that was infinite. They were believers in a God, and it came out in their poetry. I enjoyed it. I enjoyed some of the, well its gone from me right now. Any way, all of the old bards were true to infinite something. I enjoyed it. I've enjoyed writing letters. I love to study the scriptures. I enjoy very much the scriptures and writings of our general authorities. I have felt like I needed to keep my mind actively busy on something and not nonsense. I will say, too, I've enjoyed keeping house. I've enjoyed cooking and keeping a house. It is not something I can handle very easily now, but I have really enjoyed it.

Before we leave this topic you've been talking about, I remember I was just a little fellow, I was with Dad and Mother and the children at Grandma's and it seems like everybody was there too -- all the brothers and sisters. Maybe it was Thanksgiving time or Christmas time. I remember the family would get together on such occasions. I remember someone, one of the boys, one of my uncles, I don't remember which one now, made the comment, that literature was just a lot of. . . I don't remember what he said. What he meant to say was that literature was just a lot of baloney. Do you remember that?

No, I don't remember it.

(Gloria) Did she respond?

I don't remember what you said, and of course, all of the girls took Aunt Beulah's side, and so it developed into a discussion between the girls on the one side and the boys on the other, and the boys tended to think that literature wasn't all that valuable because they couldn't see any practical use in it. Of course, you and the girls had another opinion about that, and I just wondered if you remembered that?

No I haven't. Literature is light. Through the realms of literature, we read of yesteryears, and we connect this year.

There is more to life than milking cows and turning water, isn't there.

Alyn, I never wanted to marry a farmer because I couldn't stand it as a kid. I would weep sometimes. I remember following the reaper to throw the shocks of grain and I couldn't keep up and I would sit down and cry. I couldn't handle it. I would be so upset. I never wanted to marry a farmer.

This brings up another question I think I need to ask before we go on. So you studied literature and you became a school teacher. You had some rewarding experiences as a teacher. What were those experiences? Did you have a lot of students who would write you letters and come back and see you and thank you for having taught them experiences like that?

My life has been just rich and full with that. It continues to be. I have many who will come up and tell me, some will say you were hard on us, but as we grew older, we realized that you were among the top teachers. In fact, I've had a lot of comments periodically, and at the reunions they had. And it comes back through friends of mine. What kind of a teacher was she? and so forth.

So you've never regretted your choice of professions?

I have just. . . well, it is the master's art, and I have always enjoyed it. I feel like it has enriched my life. There is so much stored in my mind. In fact, I don't know whether you find this, but yesteryears stay with me more. I retained better yesteryear than I presently do. Maybe age has something to do with that.

How would you describe your personality and disposition?

I would like to tell you of an incident that happened in the school room. One of the men from. . . the big officials up in Boise from education came into my classroom, and we were studying some words. And as he came in, I just introduced. . . we had the two words. . . I used one of

them that we had on a very distinguished person in the classroom. And I used this word. And you know the word that went out that I was one of the top teachers of Idaho. Anyway, now back to your question again.

Would you talk a little bit about your personality and disposition in this position? How do you see your personality and disposition? Would you say that you have the right personality and disposition to be a good school teacher?

Yes, I thought so. I felt I had patience. It takes patience. I felt I had understanding. Bishop Davenport one time, a parent came in and he was eavesdropping. He was back in the back there, you remember that closet where they ran things off, and he could hear this parent say, "How is my child doing in school." And I said, "How does your child do at home?" "Well my child doesn't do anything at home." And I said, "Well we're not performing a miracle here either." And Bishop Davenport said that was the cutest answer. Anyway, I had found that sometimes my judgment has been poor, but many times people have felt that my judgment was good. I had been blessed with wisdom. I don't like to tell of my, only as others have said. I like to see myself as others see me. I really would.

(End of tape)

Beulah, Edward Beutler, and Children

cont. 8/2/93 2nd tape

Okay, Aunt Beulah, let's move on now and talk about your marriage to Uncle Ed. Tell us how you met Uncle Ed, and then carry the story on from there.

Okay, thank you. Well, when I went to school down at Utah State, I stayed out at Nibley with my mother's younger sister and her husband, the Morgans. Edward Beutler and Violet Beutler lived in that vicinity in that ward, and I knew her and I knew her parents. So then, when I went down to get my degree, why my Aunt Lizzy called me up and said, "Beulah, would you like to go over to Honeyville. We are going to go over to a dancing social with a relative of Ruby's who married my cousin, Lizzy's son Elliott. And I think you would enjoy it." I said yes. I was in town. I was staying at the home of Aunt Lizzy's son, Austin Morgan. She said, "We'll pick you up and we'll take you out to Honeyville." They picked me up and they took me to Honeyville and I danced with my Uncle Ernest. This Edward Beutler was there and I danced with him. He asked me for a date. Well, at one time, I was in my car with Edward, his first wife, Violet, and their children Valene and Larry. Because I had gone to a reception of Ed Beutler's sister and my missionary friend, Elder Spencer, who had gotten married and he had invited me down to this social. When I went to go out to Aunt Lizzy's, I was going to call, and Edward Beutler said, "Listen, we've got room, we can take you out." So they took me in and I was in the car with them. So back to Honeyville, Ed danced with me and he asked me if I was aware that Violet had passed away. I said, "Yes, I knew she had passed away." So he said, "I would like to have a date with you. Could I see you." And he stated the night. I told him I had been invited by a friend to a birthday social, but I bet she would like to have you come. So the next day at school, and this was during that week of my graduation, getting my degree, I turned to my friend and I said, "Do you know Ed Beutler?" "Yes." "What do you know about him?" "He's a good fellow. . . hey, has he asked you for a dance?" I said, "I danced with him." "Did he ask you for a date? You didn't turn him down, did you?" "No. I told him I would go with him. But I said it will be the night of your birthday party." "Did you tell him he could come." I told him I thought you'd say that so I told him." So he came. Then my sister Inez was going to Denver to meet her husband Clair Tracy whom she had married in March, and this was in June. And mother didn't want Inez to go alone to Denver because she'd have to go by rail, and she thought I'd traveled a little bit, so I should go with Inez. And who should be to the bus depot, we were going to go by bus to Ogden that morning, and Ed was at the bus depot. He always kidded me that he just happened along. But, I introduced him to my sister Inez, and he asked me if I would come back by way of Logan after I got through at Denver, which I did. So I let him know that I was back. And he came on a day. . . now this may sound very strange, but in three weeks time, I got my degree, I went to Denver, and I got engaged. Anyway, while

I was in Denver, I cried most of the time, and Inez said, "Beulah, what's the matter?" I said, "Inez, I met the man I am going to marry and he hasn't asked me yet, but I know I was told in a blessing that I would be directed, and he's the one. I know he is." She said, "You go home and marry him." And so we talked about a date of marriage, and I had just barely got home, on a Monday, I believe, and here comes a phone call from Idaho Falls. . . he's in Idaho Falls on a Friday or Saturday. Could I come and pick him up? He had come up to Idaho Falls with someone else. And mother said, "Now Beulah, I'll have Sarah go get him." I said, "No you won't." I hadn't done a lot of driving, but I had driven Inez to Rigby to leave her there for school. I said, "No you won't, Mother." I remember your mother came over and said, "Beulah, you get ready and I'll finish this back porch. . . and you go alone." So I told Edward where to go because I wanted to pick my route. I didn't make it too hard. So I told him where I would meet him. He was there, and I turned the keys over to him because I didn't want him to know what a poor driver I was. Anyway, he came up to ask mother. And you know, I thought when my mother got through talking with him, "Well, if he loves me now, my my my." Because she didn't leave anything out. She said, "Young man, if I ever know you are abusing her, I won't tolerate it." Anyway, he felt we had to get married at the beginning of school because of Valene being in school. He didn't want her in several schools. She had been shifted from relative to relative. So I said, "Well, I would like to get married on my father's birthday, the twelfth of September. And I had hoped that we could get married in the Idaho Falls Temple because I had given an early morning talk on the temple grounds while it was being constructed, a sunrise service. But we couldn't beat the deadline for her being in school. So we were married in the Salt Lake Temple on the twelfth of September 1945. We only had one night in Salt Lake.

So you were married ten days after Japan surrendered to the United States.

Yes, I guess so. I know it was very difficult to buy a good wedding dress. In fact, Delsa Jenkins put some sleeves on a white dress that I couldn't get long sleeves. And she fixed some sleeves for this dress for me to get married in. My mother, Aunt Minnie, Aunt Sarah, and Aunt Elizabeth and two cousins in Utah were present.

Okay, where did you live after you were married?

We lived in Lewiston (Utah) from September to January. Then Ed said, "How would you like to go back to Idaho Falls." I said, "Don't kid me, I can't take it." He said, "I'm not kidding. I've wanted to go back there ever since I met you. We are going to sell out here and we are going to move up there, and get these two children away from their grandparents." They were trying to tell me how to run things. He said, "We are going to have a life together." So we moved from Lewiston and we moved into a little old cabin on the Floyd Woolf property, that

old hotel down in lower Ucon. We stored stuff in one cabin and had our beds, stove, and cupboard in another other cabin. We were there from January to July when we had the basement (to a new home) all ready to move into. We bought a basement from my sister Sarah and her husband. They poured the concrete and then had not finished it. They sold us that lot. We finished the basement and we moved into that. We lived there eight years, and Ed's brother kept harassing him into going back to Burley and join with him on a farm, which I did not want to do. He had a good brother, but I felt he was just trying to use Ed. We got into Burley and things didn't work out, and I said to Ed, "What are going to do?" He said, "We're going to go back to Idaho Falls." We moved into a home out in the country and Ed came back to Idaho, stayed with my sister Sarah and her husband Rulon. We finally got away from that home out in the rural area and moved into a little apartment, the children and I, a little apartment in Burley so I could be close to teach school and Ed built us a new home while we were down there, the home out near Fielding Memorial Park (in Idaho Falls).

So your first home, the basement that you moved into, that was just across the street from Uncle Grant, wasn't it?

Yes.

And then did Uncle Ed build on top of the basement?

Yes, he built up on the bedrooms and the kitchen and the bathroom. The living room, he built. We never lived in it, but he built it for the party that we sold it to. So we never enjoyed the living room there.

So then you moved to Burley. When you moved from Burley back to Idaho Falls, you lived in a new home that he had built south of Fielding Memorial Cemetery.

Yes, it borders Fielding Memorial on the south.

So when Uncle Ed wasn't farming, what was his vocation?

He was a builder. He built a lot for Groberg and Bentons. He built a lot of homes in Idaho Falls. He built an office building which the Benton's occupied and the Grobergs.

How long were you and Uncle Ed married before he died?

We were married. . . he died the 29th of July 1985. It would have been forty years by September 12, 1945.

Nearly forty years. That's quite a while, isn't it? How would you describe Uncle Ed as a husband and companion?

He was a very versatile person. Very capable. . . very conscientious person. Sometimes he was twitted for not charging more, but he said he would rather have work the year round than just a few months of the year. He was very honest. He was a scriptorian and he loved. . . he had fulfilled a mission in Germany, and he spoke the German language well and he spoke very proper English for which I was very grateful. In fact, my principal said to me when he learned that I was going to get married, "I hope you're marrying a man that knows how to speak good English or you're going to suffer." Uncle Edward was a very gentle, caring person. He helped a lot in our house, as well as being an all around good fellow. He loved animals, he loved horses. He loved to have a cow, so he built a barn while we were out there. He had a pony for Larry and we had cows. He was a good builder. He was very meticulous, very particular. In fact, our steps, our stair steps here wouldn't be so steep if he would have made them. When we moved into this house, he was content because he couldn't handle the acreage.

So he moved here into this house because he couldn't. . . how many acres did you have?

We had four acres.

And he just didn't feel up to taking care of it?

He couldn't handle it. He had Parkinson's disease and he was getting worse all the time. I was so happy when he sold his power tools. I was nervous for him to being using them at all. Dr. Johnson had detected that he had Parkinson's, and I was grateful when those tools went out of his hands.

So, he didn't do much work after you moved in here, where you live now, right?

No, what he did principally was just yard work. Otherwise, no, he just wasn't able to. In fact, when we moved to Fielding Memorial, he'd just get worn out just trying to help get stuff ready. I remember your dad sitting right there and saying to me, "Beulah, Ed's all in. You're going to have to watch him." But I knew Ed was all in, your father could see that. Your father and Uncle Howard helped us move in here.

So, when did Uncle Ed pass away?

He passed away July 29, 1985. Because I got a bad case of the shingles, it handicapped me, and I was told I couldn't handle him, and I got to where I couldn't handle him. Larry had made

provisions for him to go up to the rest home on East 17th, Valley Care. He was there for nineteen months. It was a very. . . it was awfully hard to have him taken out of the home of his loved ones. But I got to where I couldn't handle him anymore. I couldn't care for him, and he had to have care. He was there for nineteen months. I was up there on a Sunday, and I would generally feed him, and then when he dropped off to sleep, I'd come home. I would go to church with him up there at the rest home. But on this day I couldn't make myself come home. I had taken some raspberries up to him and he loved and enjoyed them. He had his dinner and then he ate his evening meal. I said, "Well, Ed, before I go home, let's go down to the patio." I turned his bed down and we went out on the patio, and he coughed, and I noticed he coughed periodically that day. I said, "Do you have a cold?" Just moments before he started to hemorrhage he pulled me over and gave me the lasting embrace of mortality. It was a beautiful embrace. I think he knew he was going. But, he started coughing and hemorrhaging. I called for someone and they came out the door. I said, "Go for the nurse." They ran for the nurse. She came and pulled him into his room. He lost so much blood. She thought she had to give me oxygen. I said, "No, don't give me that." And he kept poking, trying to see if I was there. I said, "I'm here Ed." And I said, "Get this thing off me, I don't need it." And the nurse called me out, and she said, "This is serious, we've called for the ambulance, he's got to go to the hospital." I said, "Well, I will go with him." I left my car keys there and ran to the phone to announce to the Barkers where I was and they came over to the hospital. Lynn was going to stay that night, and the nurse said, "No, you're going to need your rest." And I was so all in, and Lynn said, "Beulah, you've got to go home." So I got home and they went home, and Dr. Avondet called me, and said, "Ed's on his way out." I became hysterical and he said, "Don't drive, don't drive." And he called my sister and her husband, my sister Vera, and they picked me up. By the time we got to the hospital, Ed had passed away. And the nurse said, "Don't feel bad, he wouldn't have known you. He just wouldn't have known you at all." But, anyway, it was a relief. I had seen him go through so much. My big heartache was when he was taken out of the home, that was the biggest heartache. He was with it enough to hurt both of us. I sobbed until he said, "You've cried enough, now." Your brother Rich came down and he and Vera and Lynn helped with the paperwork to help get things going for him to prepare to go into the rest home.

So how many years intervened between when Uncle Ed had to give up his vocation and when he died?

I would judge. . . Let's see, we were in the home here in 1969, he died in 1985, and he was ailing then. He had been ailing for about five years. It was 1969 through 1985. . .

That would be sixteen years.

Sixteen plus. . . it could have been twenty to twenty-one years.

That is quite a long time for a man to be sick, not able to work.

It was very hard on him, but he was a very patient person. He was labeled as a very patient person. They felt that he. . . well, he didn't like to complain. He just took things as they were.

How did Larry and Valene take all of this?

Well, Larry was the one who helped make it possible for his father to be in the rest home because he could see I was down and out and couldn't take much more. But Valene never was here while her father was in the rest home.

Let's see, I am just trying to get this worked out in my own mind. When you and Uncle Ed moved from the home out by Fielding Memorial into this home, were Larry and Valene still with you?

Oh, no, they had left while we were out in the Fielding Memorial home.

So they did not live with you at all while you lived in this home?

No. See they went on a mission while we were out there. Larry got married shortly after and Valene went to Salt Lake. She was married about a year or better after -- well, after her mission, maybe a little less than a year.

Say something about Larry and Valene. What kind of children were they? Were they loving, good kids?

Shortly after I went in the home, I had felt, well, I had been teaching school, I can handle this. But it is different when you got them the clock around. Ed and the children had scattered their things around and I was a little hesitant. I didn't want to be too bossy. Ed said, "Now listen, you go ahead, you like an orderly home. You just tell them." One day he came home and he said, "How was your day?" I said, "My day was just fine. Ask the children how their's were." He said to them, "How was it?" They looked at me and looked at him, and I said, "Go ahead, tell him." "Well, we didn't want to do what she asked us to do, so we climbed up in the tree." "And what did she do?" "She didn't come after us." And he said, "You sit down." They sat down, and he said, "I never want to hear of that again. She is your second mother, and you are going to treat her as a mother, and she will give you love." Well, there was one night Ed was out while we were in Lewiston. Ed was out watering and I was in bed. And I had a dream, and

in this dream, Valene reached out her little arms--she was seven--and she wanted to go to her mother, Violet. I saw her mother in the dream, and her mother said, "No, Valene, you cannot come to me now, you'll have to wait. You go with her and she'll love you and she'll take care of you." And I awakened from the dream. And after that, I always felt like I could handle it. This is where I belong. And I had said, "I didn't come in to take anyone's place. I came in to make my own." And from that time on, we had a very good relationship. In fact, when I left Burley to come to have my surgery, Larry put his arms around me, and he said, "If I've ever done anything to hurt you, I want you to forgive me. I love you so much." And he'd cling to me. Valene was one. . . she wasn't one who warmed up as fast as much as Larry. And she was a little older, you know. But, I. . . Valene and I would relate well as we were working. If we were picking berries, or just working together, that's when we'd have our best talks. In fact, I picked up a theme that she had written about me, and my, her eulogies about her relationship with me were outstanding, because I had no idea she had such a beautiful opinion of me. I was over awed how she expressed what a good relationship we had. And their relationship with Larry had been very very good. To this day, it is. He was on the phone this morning. And he is always interested to find out if I am financially okay, health-wise okay, and so forth. It has been a very pleasant experience. My sad part came when Larry first got married and it didn't work out. That was. . . it seemed liked we went from the oven into a distressful circumstance. But the years have been good, Alyn, they've been good.

Would you care to say something about Valene and her passing?

It was very difficult when Valene. . . in fact, I've been told by my brother, Tom, that they rendered a great service to me by not letting me know that she was battling with cancer two and a half years before I was informed. When she wrote and told me, "I had hoped that I would never have to tell you, but I can no longer walk or stand." My sister Vera was here that evening, and we called her and I said, "Valene, are you a wheelchair victim?" "Yes." "Do you spend a lot of time on the bed?" "Let's not talk about it." And so then she wrote and told me that she realized that I was worrying and she didn't want me to worry needlessly. She said, "It's in the plan. I've had a lot of blessings in my life, and there are blessings coming from this. But before Valene passed away, her good husband, Joseph Allred, told me that she not only was paralyzed from the waist down, but she became paralyzed from the neck down. But he said she was a real trooper. She didn't want a lot of sympathy. She went through it very well. He said he had an electrical something applied so that when the relief society ladies wanted to come in, she could press a button and the door would open for them. That was a safety measure where she was an invalid and she was alone while they were to work or in school. But her passing. . . this was a great shock to me. The news of her having cancer, it was a great shock. And it hurt as I felt she had been afflicted, as to what she must have gone through mentally as well as physically. It was awfully difficult on me to reflect on, and so I try to think of the happy

moments, and we had a lot of happy moments. We used to like to shop together. And I look at any room in this house, and I can find something that Larry or Valene put there. They are both very caring persons.

When did she pass away, Aunt Beulah?

June 30, 1992. She passed away in Millardsville, Maryland. Her burial was in the Orem, Utah cemetery. She was buried there because Joe wanted a plot of ground where his parents were.

Where is Larry now?

Larry is in a suburb of Santa Barbara (California). The university is there.

What is he doing there?

Larry is head of the psychology department, and he does a lot of editing. He edited a lot of books that had gone into universities. He's done a lot of traveling, lecturing. He has traveled abroad, goes quite often. In fact, he went and saw Valene while he was in D.C. about six weeks before her death. He came home and reported to me about what sad shape she was in. He does quite a lot of. . . in fact, he is a very busy person. One time, he said, "I didn't realize the price I would pay for notoriety."

Anything else you would like to say about the family before we move on?

I've got to tell you that when Ed and I were married in the Salt Lake Temple, just to show you a bit of his humor. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple, we were walking down the street, down the walk, and a pretty young girl stepped up with some forget-me-nots that she was selling for charity. And she stepped up to him and said, "forget-me-nots." And he said, "I'll try not to." Ed always told me, you think you're in love now, but, love is like a rose. It begins as a rose bud, and it depends on how much we both give it whether it becomes a full blown rose." I always liked to quote to him, "Love is the awakening of all one's powers and possibilities through the touch of another's personality." And that is a borrowed quote.

A little bit of literature coming through there, huh?

Ed always told me, "I learned more English through studying German than from English teachers." But he said, "I give credit to my wife, Beulah for giving me a deeper appreciation for poetry." He was quite a gospel teacher. In fact, he was quite a scriptorian.

What did he do in the church. What callings did he have?

He was the superintendent of the Sunday School. He was in the stake Sunday School, and he has been a mutual president, MIA President. He's been a teacher in the mutual and Sunday School. He has been a high councilman.

What are some of the positions that you have held in the church?

Well, I've been a Sunday School teacher in Nibley, Utah while I was going to school down there. I've been an MIA Gleaner, and a teacher, and a teacher in MIA in Burley. Well, I told you I had been a stake missionary and then a missionary in Eastern Canada. I've been a teacher in the Ucon Primary, Church History Teacher in the North Idaho Falls Stake, a genealogy teacher along with my husband. I've been a teacher trainer in Ucon Ward, Idaho Falls 1st Ward, Idaho Falls 6th Ward, all these I've been a teacher trainer in And I've been a teacher trainer in the North Idaho Falls Stake. In fact, I was twenty-seven and a half years in the North Idaho Falls Stake Sunday School and the Sunday School Board. I've been in teacher training in the Book of Mormon Department, a teacher in the Adult Sunday School class in the ward I presently live in. I am teacher of the Adult Sunday School class in 6th Ward of Idaho Falls. I am presently. . . I teach the inservice for the relief society board. I've been affiliated with the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers.

(Gloria) What camp is that?

Melissa Barrett camp of Ucon, and I've been affiliated there and have given their lessons. My sister Sarah preceded me in giving the lessons. I think your mother used to give lessons. But Sarah became captain two years before her death, and then they turned it over to me to give the lessons. When they voted to have me come, everyone wanted me to join, but one sister said, "I don't think we've got room for her." But she died soon after and made room for me.

(Gloria) You mean the number of people in the camps are limited?

Yes! But they're not now. They're all so old they are trying to find something to keep the rest going. We're all just about dying out. Anyway, I guess it's about fourteen years that I've been giving the lessons to the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers out there. I've been a pink lady at the hospital wherein I worked in the gift shop and I enjoyed that job. I did that after I retired from teaching. I retired from teaching at the age of 65.

Let's talk about the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers a little more. Are there any young people in that?

They are all older people. We had a young one, Sister Passey, and she got cancer in the thyroid. She had to drop out. They are presently wondering what they are going to do about the organization. They've used a lot of these sisters so much that they don't want to be involved any more. Presently, they are not sure just what they are going to do about it.

There is no interest in joining among the younger people?

Well, I think there would be more interest, but they hold it on a time when a lot of the people are working. They cannot come to a daytime meeting. If it were at night time, but then that would eliminate some of the older people who feel they couldn't come. When it is possible, I would like to give an instance of my being set apart as a missionary.

Why don't you just go ahead and do that right now.

When I was set apart as a missionary for Eastern Canada, I had a great yearning for Apostle Melvin J. Ballard to set me apart. I had heard him sing. I had heard him speak in our stake, and I was impressed by him. I was not well. My mother was very worried, and my feet were swelling as I was in the mission home in Salt Lake. And mother was worried and I was worried. And so, they went to divide the missionary groups, and I could see that I was going to be in the group with Elder Melvin J. Ballard and Apostle Clawson. Apostle Clawson was a very aged man, and then as they took their turn, I could see I wouldn't get Melvin J. Ballard, because it wasn't turning out that way. And he stepped up to Elder Clawson and said, "Elder Clawson, this sister needs a special blessing and the spirit has spoken to me that I must give it." And he told me the Lord loved me and was pleased with me, and that I would have the health to go. And he said your testimony will burn like a two edged sword. Those who hear you will not doubt, and those who do doubt, it will be a sorry day for them.

Anyway, my cousin, Lambert Bawden was in the room, and he knew Apostle Ballard very well. He stepped up to him later and said, "Apostle Ballard, what made you do that to my cousin?" He said, "Brother Lambert, when the spirit tells you what to do, you listen. And she needed a special blessing." He told me I would go and fill that mission and I would have the health. That was a real testimony for me.

Did you fill that mission before Grandpa Andrus passed away?

No, he was on his deathbed before I had even taught school.

That's right.

He asked me to make sure that I filled a mission and that I got my degree.

How did his death affect you?

It was awfully hard. I had been in Logan in my junior year at school. In fact, when I didn't get a job, I was upstairs in the girls room sobbing. I didn't realize my father was in the room upstairs where he would often go and study. It was the one that faced the south in front of the house. And he came into the girls room and put his arms around me and asked me what was the trouble. I said, "I'm not getting a job. There were more teachers than jobs." He said, "Get your yearbook." I got it. He wrote in it: "I will make my failures prove to be my greatest successes." And he signed it as a witness and asked me to sign it. And that has been. . . well, my father was always one who was rich with thoughts. He often said: "There is no excellence without labor, only what thou art in thyself determines thy value." And when he told me this and to sign it, that I make my failures prove to be my successes. I have thought of that through the years, and I've wondered many times if he realized how much I have loved teaching and how much I've spent. And I'm still teaching. They don't want to cast me aside here in the ward.

How did Grandma survive financially after Grandpa passed away?

He asked me if I would help her. I didn't have a job but they were trying to get me a job there in Ucon. It came after his death, but he said, "If you can get work, your mother's going to have to have financial help." Of course, $85 was the amount of money I got a month that first year of teaching. I remember helping reshingle the house. (End of side 2)

Conclusion

Gloria and I are here in Aunt Beulah's house again tonight in Idaho Falls. The date is August 9, 1992, and we are here to conclude an interview with her about her life and about her family and her brothers and sisters and her mother and father. Last time, Aunt Beulah, I think we ended right after you had talked about Grandpa's death and how you were affected by that, and how Grandma survived financially after Grandpa died. I think you mentioned that her boys looked after her quite closely, and they must have paid her some rent money, or given her a share of the crop so that she could pay the taxes. Is that right?

Yes, and there were the sheep. And there was a little service station down in lower Ucon where she could draw money from for rent once a month. I remember that went to help support my brother Tom on a mission.

(Gloria) Do you remember who rented that station from her?

Well, eventually, it fell into the hands and he bought it, Lloyd Morris, I don't recall who we were getting rent money from.

Okay, this leads me into another question I wanted to have you discuss for just a few minutes. How was Grandpa's and Grandma's property divided among their children, do you remember?

I remember the lawyer, his name doesn't come to me, but Uncle Tom would remember. He said for a family as large as you are, I've never seen such a peaceful settlement. He was not a member of the church, but he was a good lawyer and a reliable person. Anyway, they drew up who would get what. We would meet in prayer every time before the lawyer came. I remember he would come and we would sit in the parental home. And there would be the children, not their spouses, but the children and my mother. I just remember they divided things up and said which way they would go.

Did the girls get any property, or did they. . .?

The girls had the option of having property or the south field, we called the Wagstaff field, and, in fact, your father, yes, he bought that. He paid so much as he could to each girl until the property was his.

He got about 40 acres down by Ucon, and then Uncle Howard, Uncle Tom, Uncle Grant got about the same amount of property about a mile north of Ucon.

Yes, we call that the Cutler place, because it was owned by a man by the name of Cutler prior to my father's owning it.

Now, I don't know how the sheep were divided, I know Uncle Howard ended up with a big herd of sheep. Were the sheep divided among the children, or did Uncle Howard buy the sheep, or how did that work?

I can't be sure. I just know my mother and Uncle Howard had the final on it. Uncle Tom probably could clarify it.

(Gloria) Let me ask a question. I don't remember Uncle Grant having any property. Did he sell it to Uncle Howard or to Uncle Tom?

(Alyn) Uncle Howard had about 40 acres next to the canal. That's where Robert's farm is now. Then Uncle Tom took about 40 acres right in the middle. Then Uncle Grant had about 40 acres way over on the north side.

(Gloria) Has he since sold that?

(Alyn) Yes, Uncle Grant sold his to Uncle Tom.

Was the property divided before Grandpa passed away, or was it divided after.

No, it was divided after.

Let's talk for a few minutes about Grandma's death and how that affected you. As a matter of fact, I am not aware of a lot of details surrounding her passing. Gloria and I were not here when Grandma passed away. I was going to school in Provo.

There again, Uncle Tom can clue you in more on that, but I will tell you some things. I was teaching at Ucon, but living down by Fielding Memorial in a home that my husband Ed Beutler had made. I would go call on my mother, and I would frequently take my turn to sleep with her. But this particular Friday after school, I called on her. I said, "Mother, someone in the family is going to go soon." She said, "Yes, someone is going to go. I told her "I keep seeing open graves, and I have a feeling someone is going." And she said, "yes." That is the last time I talked with my mother in mortality.

Anyway, I don't recall whether I told you of this incident, but if I did, I'll stop. A few weeks before her death, we would take our turns. When we had parent/teacher meeting, I'd spend the

night with my mother and take my turn to help. This particular night she said, "I want you to get into bed." I said, "Mother, I came to wait on you, not to be waited on." "I want you to get into bed, please, first." And she was so insistent that I did get into bed. She came around my side of the bed, it was in the bedroom, my father's and mother's bedroom, and she patted me on the cheek and kissed me and told me how much she loved me and expressed deep love and said I was a very special spirit. It was a very humbling circumstance, and the scripture came alive to me "I was an hungered and ye gave me food, I was a stranger and ye took me in. When ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." She really gave me a semblance of interpretation that night of what that scripture meant. So on Sunday, I was down in our home by Fielding Memorial and I heard a meadowlark singing, and it was so beautiful, and I had such a peaceful feeling, but yet I was worried. Ed and I had a stake Sunday School presentation to make in Osgood, and I did call my sister Sarah's daughter, Caroline, who had spent the night with my mother. I did call to ask how things were. They seemed to be fairly well, but that was early in the morning. Then we were invited to go down to Gibbs in Firth to dinner, Ed, myself, and our two children. And while we there, we got a phone call that said mother had passed away. All the boys were called in to administer to her on Sunday, and they didn't know where I was, and I learned a lesson then to always let people know where you are. Anyway, the boys had been called in to administer to her and she died. When they called down to Gibb's home where we were, they said she had passed away. I wasn't totally prepared, and yet I wasn't totally surprised.

My mother had recorded her life history, I had written it. I read it to her. She said, "I want you to give that at my funeral." Which I did. I wasn't what you would call well, my crippled foot was giving me problems. I had fallen, and I was really hobbling around, but I did give my mother's life history at her funeral services, and it was a beautiful service.

Well attended?

Well attended, yes. Sarah was with her when she passed away. Sarah said, "I actually think mother had a stroke." Because she said the way her face was turned. She said she tried to keep it corrected, but Sarah was with her. Sarah was living close to her.

(Gloria) How old was she, Aunt Beulah?

Well, she was born in 1872 and she died in 1956. That would make her 84.

And her birthday was on the 19th of March. She passed away in the springtime.

So when the boys were called in to administer to her, was she ill at the time?

Very ill, and I wasn't aware of all this. Tom can give you a lot on that, because he was one of them.

My mother and I had been very close because I had taught school in Ucon, and after my father's passing, that is when I started teaching, and I stayed home with my mother in Ucon and lived in the family home with her.

Let's talk for a few minutes about special awards and acknowledgements that you have received. Would you care to talk about that for a few minutes?

I don't know that I have received a lot of special awards. I have had, because, I sent some poems of my students for publication, and they wrote and asked me, they saw what my students could do, and said they would like some of my poetry. So I sent a piece of my poetry dedicated to teachers, and it was published in the National Anthology of Teacher's of English. While I was on my mission in Eastern Canada, my companion prevailed upon me to have a poem published to a friend. I had been asked a number of times why I didn't put all these in a book, these poems, and publish them. Physically, I haven't been able to do all these things, so I just let it slide by. I did it one Christmas time. I had them typed and passed some around. I think I told you of this educator from Boise who came in and was in my classroom. Word went out that he said that I was one of the top teachers in Idaho. I can't recall that I ever had a lot of... It is a reward just to know that I taught school. It is indeed the master's art.

I think I asked you last time if you had students come back to you and thank you for teaching them.

Yes, I've had many students, many, many students have come back. Some have come back with apologies because they were at that age where they didn't apply as they should have done, but they realized I was trying to help them. A number of them said that they recall the things I have taught, and they apprised me as one of their top teachers to be remembered. That goes on very often. Just today in Ucon, and I didn't know who he was. He is a Cook.

Dale Cook?

He said I was his English teacher. I looked at him and I still didn't dare ask who he was. And I asked Rulon (Simmons) afterward who it was and he told me.

Can you remember any particular Christmas or Thanksgiving, or Birthday, or other event that stands out in your mind? One particular time that stands out in your mind more than any other?

Well, I recall it was a delightful experience to have, before the families got so numerous in number, and Inez and I were single. They would bring their food too, and it was always a very enjoyable time. Well, Alyn, as to events -- there was a special Christmas, Aunt Vera would be able tell of an instance of my mother telling her that she would be healed from back surgery. I can't recall any special time. We didn't make a big to-do over birthdays. There were so many of us, that mother would see to it that we had a cake. That was fine. She would try to come up with a birthday gift. We just didn't grow up expecting a lot of material things. But we were loved and that was enough. That was a priority in our home. We were loved, we sang together, we prayed together, and we mourned together.

(Gloria) Who was your most influential teacher?

Well, my teacher that inspired me on Shakespeare was a Dr. Peterson at Utah State University. And a speech teacher, a Mrs. Bell, at Utah State University. So far as high school teachers, I liked William E. Berrett who became a general authority. William E. Berrett used to be with the missionaries, and he was in the Rigby High School in seminary, and my sister Rula and myself graduated from the Rigby High School and we took a year of seminary from William E. Berrett. In my book, he was an outstanding teacher.

Besides the love that you mentioned in your family, and your working together and singing together, what would you say to younger generations about why Grandma and Grandpa were so successful in raising a large family that was a good family?

Well, they were an example, a daily example, to all of us. They lived the gospel. We saw the gospel in action through their lives. They were servants, they went among the living and dead. I can recall as a child through the flu epidemic in 1918, how they would go night and day, night and day, until I wondered how they ever held up. My father was a great. . . we had better toe the mark, we had better be an obedient person. My father was what you might call a very strict person, but he was also well-read and he was tenderhearted. He was kind, he was understanding. And my mother also, she was just. . . my mother's voice reminded me of how the angels might talk. She was so warm and tender and so knowledgeable about home remedies. We grew up in a home where there was family home evening, and prayers, singing around an old reed organ, and eventually a second-hand upright piano. We were a family that worked together. We learned to work on the farm, and it was hard work. But my father would see to it that we had recreation, we had trips together. I recall even going to Yellowstone. Father and Mother, Reed and Melba had recently been married when we went to Yellowstone. But I do remember we went out on the river, at Big Springs. The river was calm and clear. As a young girl, I remember Tom and his cousin, double cousin, Doug Andrus, used to herd cows out on the street. They didn't have pastures for them. They'd have a hard time finding grass

now on the streets. Then, Tom was old enough to help on the farm, and they sent me out with...Grandma had given me a bag of stockings to darn. I would darn those stockings and watch Vera and Inez, my younger sisters, while they herded the cows. That went on as a young girl. Anyway, we learned the art of work, and we learned that the family that prays together, sings together, laughs together, and weeps together, they stay together. We had wonderful parents. My father was a very influential speaker. People loved to hear him talk because he spoke as one having authority, which he did as a bishop. He was a good scriptorian, knew his scriptures. He did much study. And my mother was a very spiritual woman. She was endowed with many choice spiritual gifts. She was revered as a real saint.

Is there anything else you would like to say, Aunt Beulah?

(Gloria) Let me just follow up on Grandpa. How did they discipline you if you ever needed discipline?

A severe talk. I can't remember. . . well, I remember being spanked once. We were having thrashers come, and we didn't have refrigeration. Mother had made some chocolate pudding. She had put it on the front steps that led out from the front of the house upstairs. I was to watch Inez, and I didn't watch her as closely as I should have done, and she got her hands into the pudding. Anyway, they would reason with us, and sometimes, it seemed a little severe, but on the other hand, there was a lot of love, too.

Would you like to bear your testimony?

I leave to my loved ones an abiding testimony of the divinity of God's great plan. Daily the spirit bears testimony to me of the magnitude of the well ordered universe. There is beauty in the seasons, the wakening call of spring, ushered in by the felicitous song of a meadowlark. Nature's productions of the bread of life in the hot summer season. Autumn shades and changing colors of many hues. And winter's snowy enchanted wonderland, all of these speak of nature's great secrets with a divine creator at the controls. Life is beautiful. The gospel is true. Value your membership in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Honor your name and the rich heritage which is ours. Remember, if the gospel is fully and abundantly lived, challenging problems of life can always be solved. I know what love is, and I know what truth is. My father often reminded me of my heritage and of the expression "there is no excellence without labor." I do have a strong testimony of the divinity of the Book of Mormon. I, Buelah Leona Andrus Beutler, testify of the validity of the Book of Mormon. It reveals profound messages and evidences that Jesus is the Christ, the Only Begotten and infallible Son of God the Father. Being an English language instructor, I solemnly testify that Joseph Smith, only through divine inspiration and divine guidance, translated this volume from an ancient

foreign language. An ardent Bible student, he read the admonition of James 1:5-6. Through his instrumentality, the true Church of Jesus Christ was restored in this dispensation. How blessed we are to be recipients of this holy writ, the Book of Mormon, another testament of Jesus Christ. I advise one to prayerfully study and ponder the following scriptures: Bible; Acts 4:10-12, Ezekiel 37:16-19; Book of Mormon; Moroni 10:3-5, Mosiah 3:17; Doctrine and Covenants 115:4. I have had so many things happen in my life, faith promoting incidences. I know what miracles are. I've experienced them through prayer and priesthood blessings. My mother always said, "I would walk by faith and that is how I would remain on earth." I, at this time, revere the holy sacred memory of my pioneer parents. Oh, what a noble heritage, a pioneer heritage. What a choice companion I have for the eternities. May the Lord awaken in all of us what true love of the gospel is. I have been given this thought "Love is the awakening of all one's powers and possibilities, through the touch of another's personality. And through the touch of Jesus Christ. As we read and study through the scriptures, and as we communicate with Him through prayer, may we all realize the sweet peace and serenity which gospel membership means. I so testify in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

APPENDIX MATERIAL

Histories

Poems

Maps

1. Ucon
2. Idaho-Utah
3. Idaho Falls

Genealogical Material

1. Chart
2. Group Sheets

YOU SHALL WALK BY FAITH

by: Beulah Leona (Andrus) Beutler

1980

REFLECTIONS ON FAITH-PROMOTING INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE

"You shall walk by faith!" These oft repeated words by my Angel Mother have comforted and sustained me through life's fleeing years marked by reverses, trials, vicissitudes, and challenges. Indeed they have humbled me and influenced me to talk often with the Lord to solicit Him for His infinite help. "Look unto God with firmness of mind, and pray unto Him with exceeding faith, and He will console you in your afflictions." (Jacob 3:1)

So sweet are the memories of my close association with my mother, Heaven gave her to me. In the words of the poet, Shelley, in his poem 'Adonais,' "She is a portion of that loveliness which she has made more lovely." She was richly endowed with the priceless gifts of faith, humility, and all the heavenly virtues that bequeathed a lovely, virtuous, queenly woman.

Only a short time before her sudden passing in her 84th year, she again admonished me thus: "You will walk by faith." She asked me if I really deemed it necessary to attend to one of my professional obligations, the Parents-Teachers Association meeting. I thus declined to attend. This was the last night I spent with my mother. Cuddling close to Mother as we retired, I felt the warmth of her spirit. Upon her insistence, I retired first. Feebly, she shuffled around to my side of the bed, tucking me in as in the days of yore. Her toil-worn hands stroked my hair and gently patted my cheek as she bent over and tenderly kissed me on the brow. So sweet were her words expressed with infinite love -- "I LOVE YOU!" she exclaimed in her low audible voice. "You are a special spirit. How often have I wanted to do this as I've done through the years as I've watched you in your struggles to live." Thank God for the priceless gift of memory. So sweet are the memories of this special incident. I reflect on the magic of sound and especially the sweet sound of my mother's voice. The profound words of the Master bore testimony to me -- "He who has done it unto the least of these hath also done it unto me. And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

The following Friday evening at the close of my school day, I visited with my mother. I said to her, "Mother, someone in the family is going to go." "Yes," she said, "someone is going to go." The following Sunday dawned beautifully clear and bright with the solicitous song of a meadowlark heralding in the Sabbath. This day of peace and tranquility, my Angel Mother passed away.

"Only what thou art in thyself determines thy value!" So oft have I heard my father quote these words from Shakespeare. So eloquently could he expound gospel truths as he presided as

Bishop of the Latter-Day Saints Ward in Ucon, Idaho. By example he taught me the value of work and the true meaning of Benjamin Franklin's oft repeated words -- "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." My faithful husband has also abided this rule of good conduct. As I embarked upon the long waited for and sought for higher learning, my wise father admonished me thus -- "Beulah, you must stand on your own two feet, weak as they are. You shall see the time when you may stand alone for your convictions of truth, but hold fast for the Gospel of Jesus Christ is true. As you prepare to teach others, you will learn much from books; however, you must remember and never forget that you must learn to relate to people."

Another precious moment in my life — My ailing father heard my sobbing in the confines of my bedroom shared by some of my sisters. This was the spring of 1935. Two years of academic training had qualified me for teaching in the elementary grades. However, teachers were more plentiful than positions. I failed to make it. This turn of events proved a blessing in disguise. My father was determined that I must continue my education and qualify for the realization of my dream of acquiring a teaching major in English and a teaching minor in speech. He thereupon wrote a resolve in my Ricks yearbook and requested that I sign it. He in turn signed it as a witness. It read thus, "I will make my failures prove to be my greatest successes." Robert Andrus, witness. That triumphant incident and those profound words have been an indelible reminder that I can achieve worthy goals. In the words of the poet, it is termed "excelsior" meaning climbing higher and higher. In due time I earned my B.S. degree and qualified for two certificates (one in elementary and the other in high school English and speech in the field of education). My teaching tenure in formal classrooms adds up to 37-1/2 years. By adding private tutoring and summer teaching, it totals 40 years of teaching in formal education. Teaching is indeed the Master's Art.

"You shall walk by faith!" Oh, how oft life's beautiful but thorny road has caused my troubled mind to reflect seriously on these words of wisdom. "Be thou humble and the Lord, thy God, shall lead thee by the hand and give thee answer to thy prayers." (D&C 112:10) I bear solemn testimony to the validity of these words engraved upon my mind. They are a constant guide to me.

As a baby, the crippling disease of Infantile Paralysis, now scientifically known as Polio, struck, leaving me a cripple in the left foot and leg. Surgery prevented a club foot from developing, but it stunted the growth. It seemed I never could keep up with my sisters and my younger brother as we raced the block to the red schoolhouse to learn the Three Basic R's. I tried and oft cried as I trailed behind. My doctors have since reminded me that the childhood illness has indeed done irreparable damage to the framework of my body.

My father, reluctantly, but obediently, accepted a mission call to the Southern States, five months and 19 days prior to my birth, leaving my mother and a family of six children in a two-room log home with a small lean-to. Since my parents had lost a baby boy a number of years before to a sudden death (possibly crib syndrome), I became the eighth child. I was always called the "missionary baby."

My mother related that if I had been a cross baby, the swelling in my little feet and legs would have been detected long before she prepared me for bed one night. The shoes and stockings had to be cut off. Life has been a series of successive physical struggles.

At the age of 16, I had a ruptured appendix and an obstruction of the bowels. As I lay helpless in the hospital prior to surgery, I overheard one of the doctors exclaim, "She'll never make it!" He must have conjectured that I was too near gone to hear. As my father and mother conferred with these two Latter-Day Saint doctors, I feebly called my mother to my bedside. I told her that I was going to live. Though my father and one of my brothers had given me a blessing before leaving home, I requested that these doctors lay their hands upon my head as bearers of the Holy Priesthood and give me a blessing. Through the whisperings of the Spirit, I knew that my life in mortality would not be terminated. They abided by my request and promised me life. The recovery was long and difficult, but faith made me whole. I reflected upon the words of the Savior, the great healer wherein He said, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Twenty-eight years later, I was laid low with a hernia which had developed over the old scar tissue of the appendectomy. The right side of my stomach bore strong visual evidence of drain tubes of yesteryear. The ugly scar tissue had weakened. I was forced into resigning a month early from my teaching contract in Burley, Idaho. Leaving our two children, I returned to Idaho Falls where my master builder, my husband, was building us a new home near Fielding Memorial Park, south of the city of Idaho Falls. Only because nature had forced me into this hernia surgery, did I submit to it. Also my faithful mother had seen in a dream of the night the results of the pending surgery. She implored my husband, who at the time was staying at the home of my sister, Sarah, and her husband, Rulon Simmons, to call me and to encourage me to submit to the surgery. The older Hatch's surgeon son, Steven Hatch, performed the surgery. The ugly scar tissue was removed and a finer incision made just as my mother had seen it in a dream. The elder doctor drew attention to the fact that I was a living miracle.

A few years later, as we were residing in our home near Fielding Memorial Park, I became violently ill one evening. My good husband was about to call the doctor, but I said, "No, please lay your hands upon my head and I will be alright." My God-fearing husband asked for the Lord to help me. "And again it shall come to pass that he that hath faith in Me to be healed and is not appointed unto death, shall be healed."

A number of years ago, our son, Larry, was working on a farm in Hillsprings, Alberta, Canada, for one of my Canadian cousins. All that summer I had experienced problems of my strength ebbing and my balance physically was difficult to maintain. As autumn arrived and school session was nigh, we went by car to Canada to bring Larry home. At the suggestion of one of my cousins, we sought the aid of Patriarch Fisher, who was endowed with the gift of healing. My husband anointed and Patriarch Fisher sealed the anointing. In essence, he promised recovery. I quote, "You shall live to see your hair (which was brown) become white." I was assured that I would resume my teaching of the youth.

Five years prior to teaching retirement, I was in an automobile accident at which time I sustained a broken pelvis bone. I was hospitalized a month. Three months later, I returned to teaching on crutches. "You will walk by faith!" Oh, how those words continue to ring in my ears. Many are the times that I have taken falls and many are the times that I've sprained my crippled foot. I've taught school with a heavy cast as a result of some of these falls. Oft, I've talked with the Lord to strengthen me and to help to bear my cross. Everyone in life has a cross the bear; that is what life is all about.

One time I taught school for a week with my hearing growing steadily worse. I faked it as long as I could emotionally endure it. As I knelt at mother's knees, she prayed for my welfare. She then exclaimed that the doctor would be able to remove the barrier. The time was of long duration that I spent in the doctor's office, since I had no scheduled appointment. Wax had built up in my afflicted ear. I returned home with hearing restored.

On two different occasions there have been exploratory checks made by doctors to determine if there could be a malignant condition. Each time, the Holy Priesthood has been summoned whereupon I've been assured that they would find nothing.

"Please don't let me do anything wrong." These were my pleading words to my faithful husband, as I again landed in the hospital in the autumn of 1979. My ailing husband was a victim of Parkinson's disease. His frequent upsets, coupled with my own physical weaknesses, brought me low in spirit. Nervous exhaustion — diagnosed the attending physician. My strength was literally sapped.

Again, the laying on of hands by the Holy Priesthood bearers. Constantly the thought raced through my mind — "Don't let me do anything wrong." Through these blessings also the message of comfort came through one of God's anointed servants — "The adversary will have no influence or power over you." What a comfort! "Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Crippling arthritis has oft plagued and tortured me and it has even warped my back in my 70th year. This, coupled with strain and stress of life's daily hassles, caused a minor back fracture in the spring of 1980. Eighteen days were spent in the hospital and a long convalescent period in our home. Were it not for the faithful help of wonderful sisters, other family members, and a faithful Home Teacher and his good wife, we could not have made it. Thanks also for so many understanding friends and church members who faithfully stood by us. Through the passing years it has been our fortunate lot to be blessed with compassionate kinfolk and friends.

While in the hospital with the back fracture, I became violently ill one evening, with an upset stomach. Hospital visiting hours were over. A 'Pink Lady' of my acquaintance slipped into my room and seeing my problem, offered to call her husband to bring another Priesthood bearer to give me a blessing. "No," I said, "Let's wait, relatives might drop in." I had seen my nephew, Spence Barker, so plainly, that I just knew he was coming even though we had not communicated. A fellow teacher who also worked in emergency, dropped in. Seeing my dilemma, he asked what he could do. I responded, "Wait a minute." Then, Lo! in walked

Spence and his good wife, Ruth, and their young son. I turned to the teacher and asked if he would please get some oil, and turning to Spence, I said in a choked voice, "The Lord sent you here tonight." The two brethren administered to me with Spence's sealing the anointing. Following this most comforting blessing, I settled down and slept. "God shall give unto you knowledge by His Holy Spirit, yea, by the unspeakable gift of the Holy Ghost." (D&C 121:26)

One night following the back injury while recuperating at home, I was very miserable with trapped gas in my throat. It was most frightening. I bore it through the night and then my wonderful husband and I went to Ucon where relatives, my husband, a brother-in-law, and my two brothers gave me a blessing. Only a few minutes later and I was relieved of this problem.

In the autumn of 1979, a suggestion was made in all sincerity by a family member pertaining to our physical needs. During the ensuing months the idea of this business transaction tormented and frustrated me. However, not until it was to be finalized was the full impact realized. I was thrown into a state of deep depression, the likes of which I've never before experienced. Ominous foreboding clouds hung heavy. Uncontrollable sobs racked my weak body. I reflected on the following quotation from D&C 9:8-9, "But behold I say unto you, that you must study it out in your mind; then you must ask Me if it is right, and if it is right, I will cause that your bosom shall burn within you; therefore, you shall feel that it is right. But if it be not right, you shall have a stupor of thought that shall cause you to forget the thing which is wrong."

This transaction was not made and the sweet peace of mind promised to me in a blessing two weeks prior was realized. Oh, how beautiful are the words of the Savior wherein He said, "Peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth give I unto you!" "Draw near unto me and I will draw near unto you." (D&C 88:63) "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." (Psalms 46:1)

My Patriarchal Blessing advised me that I would be directed in the course leading to the selection of an eternal companion. On my first date with Edward Beutler, it was made known to me that he was to be the one to take me to the temple of God to be sealed for time and for all eternity. "The spirit giveth light." We were married in the Salt Lake Temple on the 12th of September, 1945.

A few weeks following our marriage, I had become frustrated and troubled in my attempt to adjust in the role of a wife and a mother of two motherless children, whose first mother was deceased. Thought I had taught countless many in formal education, the role of mother was overwhelming. I sought the Lord in prayer. Through the dream of a night, I found myself in the presence of their departed mother. Valene, age seven, held out her little arms to go to her first mother. However, Violet, her mother, very tenderly said to Valene, "No, you cannot come to me now." Pointing to me, she explained, "She is the one to care for you now; you go to her and she will care for you." Awakening, I felt a sweet calm. My mother had previously advised me that if I couldn't love these children as my own, that I was not worthy of their father's love, and that I

should not consider marriage. Life has been most beautiful because of our close-knit association; indeed, **Love** has played a major role in our relationships.

The summers of 1939 and 1940, I served as a missionary in the Canadian Province of Ontario in eastern Canada. Prior to my being set apart in Salt Lake City for this call as an ambassador of truth, I had a secret desire to have Apostle Melvin J. Ballard set me apart. I had heard him sing and expound gospel truths from the pulpit as he visited our area stake conferences. I felt the need of a special blessing due to poor health and badly swollen feet and legs. As the large group of departing missionaries were being divided into various groups, Apostle Ballard and the aging Apostle Clauson were assigned to our group. They each took their respective turns. It was evident that Apostle Clauson would be the one to set me apart if they continued to function according to turns. However, as my turn came, Apostle Ballard turned to the older Apostle and humbly announced that he, himself, was to be the one to give me a special blessing which I very much stood in need of. He promised me health. He also told me that my testimony would burn within me like a two-edged sword and that I would stand in judgment against those who would not give heed to our message. My cousin, who was present at this time, knowing Apostle Ballard personally, later asked him what caused him to step out of turn to give me this most needed blessing. He answered, "She needed a special blessing and the Spirit made it known to me that I was to be the one to give it." Besides the foregoing promises, he told me that the Lord was pleased with me. I further quote from my missionary journal, "You will be an inspiration to companions and to those that you meet. You are endowed with the gift of leadership. You will be a counselor to the Saints. Your words will cut like a sword in the hearts of others." This incident in my life convinced me that men are called of God to administer to the needs of His children.

In July of 1941, I accompanied a very close girl friend of mine, who was also a fellow educator, for her to obtain her Patriarchal Blessing from a Patriarch Brunt. Inasmuch as I had previously received my blessing, he elected to give me a blessing without recording it. We later took notes on what was told to me. I quote: "At times the veil will be so thin that you will be able to see what has been before and what will be. You shall teach the gospel and those who hear shall be grateful for having known you. Your spirit will grow to the full stature of its maturity."

The girl friend of whom I spoke in the foregoing paragraph, has passed on. Prior to her passing, I announced to my understanding husband that we must go immediately to Rexburg to see Dorothy. He asked me why. I told him that I didn't know why. Upon our entering her home, we were informed that she was scheduled for open heart surgery the following week in Salt Lake City. I began writing her life history before I was asked to do so as the Spirit had revealed it to me that this request would be made.

I humbly acknowledge the incidents in my life of being forewarned of pending deaths in our family. I've received warnings of danger and brewing troubles with some of my relatives. At one time, I saved my parental home from possible destruction. I was teaching school in my hometown, Ucon, Idaho, and living with my widowed mother. I knew that she had gone to town

Folks have oft labeled me as a determined individual. I would remind them that through sheer determination, confidence of loved ones in me, and an abiding faith, I have been able to aspire to greater heights and to accomplish valuable, worthwhile goals. In the words of the poet, Tennyson, "I am a part of all that I have met." I've been the recipient of boundless love both in my own home and in my parental home. The three basic "A's" have truly been realized: Affection, Acceptance, and Achievement. As I conclude these very personal experiences, I again quote the words often spoken by my wise father and my angel mother: "Only what thou art in thyself determines thy value." "You shall walk by faith."

Life is not easy for my ailing husband and for me, but it is rewarding and wonderful despite its daily challenges. May it be said of us that "We are more than influences, we are pillars of strength to the hungering human souls around us." Indeed, my husband bears his afflictions beautifully. Patience is indeed a virtue which he has acquired. I quote the words of Alma 17:11, "Yet ye shall be patient in long-suffering and affliction that ye may show forth good examples unto them in me, and I will make an instrument of thee in my hands unto the salvation of many souls."

In Alma 34:32, he speaks of the good seed enlarging the soul and how one can experience understanding and the warmth of the true spirit. I hereby testify to the validity of the gospel as it is revealed in Holy Writ. I humbly bear my testimony in all sincerity. I know beyond any doubts that the gospel of Jesus Christ is true. Though the flesh is weak, the spirit is strong. Through the gift and power of the Holy Ghost, I testify to the truthfulness of the gospel. God Lives!

His son, Jesus Christ, is indeed the Savior of mankind and only through Him and by Him can we be exalted -- "For by Him were all things created." (Col 2:16) His kingdom has come and He has directed living prophets to direct his great work on the earth. May we heed the admonitions of our present prophet, Spencer W. Kimball, wherein he says, "DO IT!"

LIFE HISTORY

OF BEULAH ANDRUS BEUTLER

(Continued)

24 March 1987 at 775 N Skyline Dr., Idaho Falls, ID

Today is a cool, balmy spring day. In pensive mood, I sit in Ed's and my home alone in deep serious reflection.

In December of 1983, Ed, you were taken from the home that you loved so well to Valley Care Nursing Home on East 17th Street in Idaho Falls. Your Parkinsonian ailment had taken its toll with you. Twenty-four hour vigil was needed. I was a victim of severe "Shingles" all down my crippled polio-afflicted leg. My strength was at a low ebb. I no longer could extend support to my ailing husband.

We had lived and loved together through 38-1/2 joyous and challenging years. "Oh, life with its wanton woes, life with its vicissitudes, why must it be thus?"

For 19 months, Ed was a resident of Valley Care Nursing Home. I, when physically able, frequented the nursing home daily in support of my wonderful husband's needs. Shakespeare has so aptly said, "Sweet are the uses of adversity, which, lie the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in its head." I had been in the company of my husband all day on the Sabbath of 28 July, 1985. Together we had attended the L.D.S. Sabbath Service in the nursing home. We had dined together. It was a beautiful day.

I wheeled my wonderful husband onto the patio to enjoy nature's refreshing beauty following the early evening meal. Ed lovingly pulled me onto his feeble knees as he sat in the wheel chair and held me in sweet embrace. This cherished moment was a final mortal embrace. For only a few moments hence, Ed became violently ill, hemorrhaging from the mouth -- "gastro-intestinal hemorrhaging" said the Doctor. The nurse was summoned. The doctor was called. We were soon on our way by ambulance to the Idaho Falls Park View Hospital. The following morning, 29 July 1985, at 8:00 a.m., Ed passed peacefully away, having been a victim of Parkinson's illness for nigh onto 18 or 20 years. Forty years we had been married.

"Ed, dost thou know how much I've missed you?"

Though I'm physically quite handicapped, I continue to keep the home fires burning in our home. For nigh unto forty years, Ed had been my eternal companion before his passing.

I am a victim of osteo-arthritis which has warped my back. A back brace has supported my feeble back for a number of years. Presently the brace consists of solid plastic pieces anchored by metal bars and attached by velcro around the waist. The brace goes from below the neck to below

the stomach—worn in the front to push the body back. One hundred fifteen pounds is my present weight.

Time is an essence. Knowing this, I spend many lonely hours in scripture study. I've studied the Book of Mormon through twice in the past three years. I'm presently studying through the Doctrine and Covenants and the Pearl of Great Price a second time in the past two years. I'm trying to qualify not only for mortality, but for the great eternal cycle. My father and my husband were avid scholars of the Holy Scriptures.

Each month I give a Relief Society lesson on "Compassionate Service and Social Relations." Each month I give a lesson to the Melissa Berrett Camp of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers in Ucon. I enjoy these assignments.

I pray daily I'll remain valiant, that the Savior will accept me. This day I pay homage to my goodly parents, my choice brothers and sisters, and to my wonderful husband. You're all stalwarts of strength in our Heavenly Father's Kingdom.

In retrospect, I anticipate with joy the time when we shall be united in the realms of peace and serenity and eternal love beyond this mortal life.

In the words of the poet, "I love you not only for what you are, but for what I am when I am with you."

September 1987

Twenty-five and a half months have passed since my eternal companion, Edward Beutler, slipped quietly out of mortality's sphere. Forty-two years 12 September since we were married in the L.D.S. Salt Lake Temple. The year was 1945. Those years, with their joys, challenges, reverses, and fulfillments, passed much too quickly. I am the recipient of joyful memories.

Ravages of time have taken their toll. My pace is slower. I'm now the owner and wearer of a third type of body brace in the past eight or nine years. My latest brace is plastic attached by velcro. It's so encompassing that it restricts me in being very active to domestic tasks. Consequently, I wear it when I'm not too active in the home. I wear it to Church, to the temple, and times when I'll be sitting much.

Evaleen Hogg continues to assist in my care of the home, the yard and in getting me to the temple once a week, to the doctor, etc. She's a very special lady. She's been in the home assisting two and three days per week. She came in November of 1983.

At this time, of a family of eleven children of my parents, Lovenia and Robert Andrus, there are three of us left, namely: Thomas, Vera, and me. Our close-knit association is unique and rewarding.

Valene and family live in Maryland; Larry lives in Tucson. They are most thoughtful of my needs. Larry sent a check to cover the cost of the body brace. Since Medicare insurance has covered much of the cost, Larry extends an invitation to spend his money gift to visit him and his family for Thanksgiving. Time and circumstances will tell.

My canine friend, Prince, continues to keep me company. Valene made possible this friendly pal for me following the passing of her dear father.

I do much reading of scriptures and church-oriented books, periodicals, magazines, etc.

August 3, 1992

In pensive mood again, I reflect on the last few years of my life.

My warped back continued to be braced. Due to a fall on August 1st in our garden, I twisted my weak foot. Consequently, it's securely wrapped. "This too shall pass."

The fore part of April I learned from Valene's letter of her grave affliction of cancer. This was indeed a shock. Valene was in her home in Millersville, Maryland. She passed away in her home June 30. She was 54 years of age on June 8, 1992. Her burial is in the Orem City Cemetery in Utah. Joe, her husband's parents reside there.

I'm still keeping the home fires going at age 83 in 775 N. Skyline Drive, Idaho Falls, Idaho. Presently, I give the Relief Society In-Service lesson each month. I also continue to give lessons to the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Melissa Berrett Camp, of Ucon, Idaho.

I keep a journal by my chair and often add experiences and reflections. In the words of the poet, I quote:

Life, we've been long together
Through pleasant and through stormy weather.

I now want to add my written testimony:

MY TESTIMONY OF THE DIVINITY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON

I, BEULAH ANDRUS BEUTLER, testify of the validity of "THE BOOK OF MORMON."

It reveals profound messages and evidences that JESUS is the CHRIST, the only begotten and infallible Son of God the Father.

Being an English Language instructor, I solemnly testify that Joseph Smith, only through divine inspiration and divine guidance, translated this volume from an ancient foreign language.

An ardent Bible student, he heeded the admonition of James 1: 5-6. Through his instrumentality, the true church of Jesus Christ was restored in this dispensation. How blessed we are to be recipients of this Holy Writ - "The Book of Mormon", another Testament of Jesus Christ.

I advise one to prayerfully study and ponder the following scriptures: Bible - Acts 4:10-12 Ezekiel 37:16-19 Book of Mormon - Moroni 10:3-4-5 Mosiah 3:17 Doctrine and Covenants - Section 115:4.

A EULOGY TO MY HUSBAND, EDWARD BEUTLER

Written by Beulah Leona (Andrus) Beutler

March 1981

"Come, follow me!" How oft these imploring words of the Master are re-echoed through verbal and musical renditions. In this mortal probation, the Christ-like spirit courageously and obediently follows the great eternal plan instigated by God and His Son, Jesus Christ. One cannot know the fellowship of Christ's suffering without suffering.

In life's journey of journeys, the humble pass through the refiner's fire which cleanses, purifies, and refines the human soul. Charity is a virtue which 'never faileth.' Charity suffereth long and is indeed the pure love of Christ.

Shakespeare has so aptly said, "Sweet are the uses of adversity." Though the ravages of time have left their marks, the afflictions have softened, sweetened, sanctified, and purified my good husband, Edward Beutler. Indeed his life has been an applying, a proving, and a testing. Despite his numerous reverses and adversities in life's mortal journey, blessings have followed these tribulations. Nature endowed him with a strong, muscular physical body, a keen intelligent mind, and an indomitable spirit devoid of guile, seasoned, focused, dedicated, and disciplines.

On a beautiful autumnal September day in 1945, we entered into the eternal bonds of matrimony. Ours was to be a life destined to adventure, labor, joys, sorrows, and reverses—but indeed a life wherein love sustained us. Love has made us keenly aware of each other's God-given talents and virtues.

Ed pursued with honor and dignity the trade of a builder -- a builder of homes. In the yesteryears so oft I sat in pensive mood silently watching him surveying, planning, hammering, building and achieving. With creative skill and precision, he meticulously exhibited simplicity, artistry, and superior quality workmanship. In the words of the poet, Longfellow, in his poem, "The Builders," my Ed "Wrought with greatest care both the seen and the unseen."

There's magic in the sound of a hammer. Through the precious gift of memory, I vividly recall the echoing sounds of the builder's tool. Again I quote the poet, "Our todays and yesterdays are the blocks with which we build." My builder labored in sunny and inclement weather, without complaint. Oft I wept as I heard some of my associates in the teaching profession complain of educational facilities and salaries. We were shielded from the wintry storms but Ed was often exposed to nature's wintry blasts as he cheerfully eked out a living for his family. In due course, my builder built his family a home. Edgar A. Guest well described our abode. "It takes a heap of living in a house to make a home." Through Ed's infinite qualities of courage, humility, love, and obedient following of the Savior's plan in building on a solid

foundation, our house became a home of peace and love. Gospel lessons were taught and learned through his example as Patriarch of his family. I quote from Cor. 13:16-17, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you. If any man defines the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

Though the ravages of time have weakened Ed's mortal abode, the spirit "which giveth life" remains steadfast and firm with an unshakable faith.

A number of year ago while instructing his workmen, Ed had the misfortune of backing off through a fireplace opening, falling on a cement floor below. This unfortunate incident seems to mark the beginning of a series of health problems. Through a Parkinsonian mask, Ed has lived, suffered, smiled, wept, and silently borne his burdens without complaint. Indeed, he is a Christ-like example of patience personified. Behind this mask there's a keen, alert, intelligent mind yearning to verbally express pent-up feelings and thoughts. There's a struggle for liberation. Sign language becomes a daily routine to those who are unable to grasp his whispered messages.

Medical science theorizes that the body fails to respond to an order from the brain which is the electrical switchboard. Involuntary motions occur over which he has no control. Sometimes the hands flutter like fledglings trying to fly. Food intake can become difficult at times. Indeed, there must be moments of frustration. Gravity seems to have a pull inducing a heaviness of limbs. Strength can drain away almost without warning. "Medication can induce recurrence of the very symptoms it banishes." So oft there's an imbalance with small rapid shuffling steps, a lurching and shuffling. Sometimes it's liberation to emerge to be able to move with grace and ease devoid of rigidity.

Ed, my wonderful husband and builder. "You are more than an influence, you are a pillar of strength to the hungering human souls around you." You honorably bear your afflictions. I quote from Alma 17:11, "Yet ye shall be patient in long suffering and afflictions that ye may show forth good example unto them in Me, and I will make an instrument of thee in My hands unto the salvation of many souls." We learn from Holy Writ that charity rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, and it never faileth. Thus sayeth the Lord, "Wherefore, if ye shall press forward feasting upon the Word of Christ, and endureth to the end, behold ye shall have eternal life." Ed, my wonderful one, you've obediently heeded the Savior's words -- "Come, follow me."

NOTE: Some of the description of a Parkinsonian patient was borrowed from Floyd Miller's article in September 1975 Reader's Digest. Miller is a journalist and a Parkinsonian victim.

MY MOTHER'S CANE

By Beulah Leona (Andrus) Beutler
July 1981

Today, in retrospect, I reflect on the yesteryears through the precious gift of memory. I see my angel other feebly but honorably bearing a cane to support her weak mortal frame. Heaven endowed her with beautiful, infinite gifts. Oft her veil between mortality and immortality was very thin. Thus, her kindly face glowed with a radiance serene and infinite. Her beautiful blue eyes peered through a pair of horn-rimmed glasses. Sweet are the memories of beholding her angel face framed in the warmth of white-curtained kitchen windows. Yet, twilight time she eagerly watched her children and grandchildren come and go. This picture of infinite artistry was enhanced with a blooming geranium.

In serious reflection I see her wrinkled, aging hands shakily carrying her brown wooden cane. It became a support to a tired worn body. Those arthritic feet and care-worn hands had known laborious toil of grubbing sage, milking cows, washing clothes on a quaint washboard of the 19th century vintage for a family of eleven children. She and my father were products of the Utah Pioneers. Like their forebears, they too pioneered in the wilds of Southeastern Idaho making it, "to bloom as a rose."

My noble father, served faithfully a tenure of two years in the Latter-Day Saints Mission in the Southern States. The eighth child was expected following his departure as an ambassador of truth. I, Beulah, was that eighth child, and was labeled the "missionary baby."

As Nephi of old, I was born of goodly parents. Through their supreme examples, life's vital lessons are learned—valuable lessons of frugality, honest labor of industry, and willing service to others. These Christ-like lessons were enhanced as I beheld my father, Bishop Robert Andrus, and my mother, the Ward Relief Society president, going frequently without complaint among the sick and dying. Indeed, theirs was a labor of love in those bygone yesteryears when home remedies superseded professional medical art, and there was meager dependence upon the aid of professional morticians. Indeed, their life's cup overflowed with love and charity which "never faileth."

In pensive mood today, I look upon my mother's cane with humility and live for her worthy example.

Her cane supports my own fail, weakened frame. It's only a brown staff, or stick of wood, but my angel mother who yesteryear received inner strength and support, supports me today with her indomitable spirit. Realizing the significance of Psalms 23:4, "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

In 1956, the year of her passing, I spent a memorable night with her. A woman I had grown, but that night of peace and tranquility in the confines of my parental home, my feeble

mother, with shuffling, crippled feet, made it to my side of the bed. In a voice so sweet and tender she expressed her deep love for me as she bent over and tenderly kissed my brow.

She exemplified the Savior's imploring words, "Come, follow me." That night I learned in depth, the infinite meaning of the Savior's immortal lesson, "And I was hungered, and ye nourished me, inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me."

COLLECTION OF POEMS

By Beulah Leona Andrus Beutler

A Tribute to My Father

(Written at the time of his passing)
June 9, 1936

The sun rose in early morn.
'Twas the end of a perfect day,
You fought a battle every breath
Until you passed away.

You wanted to tell us something, Father,
But it was so hard to speak —
Oh God in yonder heaven knows
Your soul was never weak.

We wanted to bear your suffering
But you bid not for sympathy;
You stood it as a Man.
You bit your lips and said, "I can!"

Your life has been a monument;
I'll tell you the reason why.
You've climbed the ladder inch by inch,
And never once from the path have you flinched.

You've been a builder, Father —
You've aided in molding our lives.
Now, why should we weak mortals
Give way with bewildering sighs?

In all your earthly dealings
In your walks and talks of life,
You've traveled a rough and laborious road,
But never once have you feared the load.

You've stuck by your own convictions, Father,
Yes, you've stuck when you've stuck along;
Because you've known through the art of precision,
To think it through before making a decision.

We would not change you, Father,
Devoted you've been to your tasks.
You've held on with determining will,
Your life's cup of honor to fill.

Your opinions have always been candid,
Unbiased they've always been.
You've helped us over the roughest road
To keep our hearts from sin.

Where rose the needy, you were always there,
Their burdens to lighten, their load to share.
Oh, Father! This day we pay homage to you,
For the obstacles of life you've honorably passed through.

We'll miss you now, dear Father;
We'll miss your guiding hand,
Because you've been linked unitedly with Mother
In helping us to understand.

You've suffered mentally, Father,
At the hands of foul oppression;
But God in yonder heaven knows,
And you'll reap eternal blessings.

Although some have opposed you,
You held malice toward none.
You stood up as the Savior would
And we know that you have won.

There's solace in the thought, Father,
You've been a man who braved the fight.
Your sufferings have been fought with zeal,
And you've taken the honor unobserved,
With heart as strong as steel.

An Ode to a Friend

(Printed in the missionary "Liahona" in 1939 while I)
(served an L.D.S. Mission in Ontario, Canada)

'Tis a cherished thought I hold today
As I stand on the threshold of life —
To think of friends who have come my way
As I sauntered through toil and strife.

As I journey along on life's highway
And look back o'er the years that are gone,
I think of the friends I have met each day
Who have filled my soul with a song.

There are countless of friends that I have made
Who will forever remain firm and true,
But one, I know, shall never fade —
And that, my Friend, is **You**.

My mind drifts back to you — Friend 'O Mine,
Through rain or sunshine fair.
Ah! I class you among the superfine,
For your friendship is a friendship rare.

I thank God who dwells above
For friends so loyal and true,
For the rich blessings of life and love
And above all — for a friend like **You**.

So Dear To Me

(Dedicated to the Memory of My Parental Home)

Dedicated to Yesteryear

Gone are the days of childhood glee,
Gone are the landmarks — So dear to me.
The old rock church — vacated, you see,
Holds countless memories So dear to me!
The old red school has been razed to the ground,
Still there can never be found memories So dear to me!

I seem to be a stranger in the Old Home Town,
Yet, alas, there can never be found memories So dear to me

Among the tombstones I trod,
And humbly spoke to God of loved ones So dear to me.
They's been gone for many a year,
Yet in my heart they're ever near and So dear to me.
The Old Homestead — preserved for many a year,
You see — beckons me to pause in reverent ecstasy
To the infinite memories So dear to me.

Written in Memory of Little Gordon
(Gordon Andrus)

(August 17, 1946)

They've taken you away, little Gordon of mine,
To a realm of joys and beauty sublime;
But one thing, my dear, they shall never erase,
And that's the memory of the smile upon your face.
Ah, daily you trod in your Daddy's step
Always with vim, vigor and pep.
If he needed aid, you were always there
To help your Daddy, his burdens to share.
You were a regular guy, Gordon dear,
It seemed you never had anything to fear.
You would sit upon that tractor seat
And folks said you were hard to beat.
The truck you handled, too, little guy,
And folks seemed to wonder why.
I can tell them, little student of mine
About your talents and abilities so fine.
Ah, daily at school your smile continued to grow;
Your smile influenced others row by row.
"Aunt Beulah," you would say,
"I studied my spelling words today,
And wait, I'm just not through,
I can tell you a story, too."
The students listened with mouths opened wide
For what from them had you to hide?
Nothing to hide, but something to give —
Something to help others to live.
That great big grin across your face,

Ah, the memory of that they shall never erase.
I saw you the other night
In the gray lamp light,
I saw you over at Grandma's place;
I can see you now — the smile upon your face.
I teased you about your curly lock.
Did you turn and give me a great big sock?
Ah, no. You turned and gave a great big grin,
That was what really came from within.
You've lived a full life in a few short years,
Devoid of cross words and homely fears.
You've taught each and every one
The joys of being a dutiful son.
May we catch from you the golden ray
That you imparted day by day;
The ray of life, of light, and love,
The ray engendered from Heaven above.

To My Mother

1949

As the evening shadows around me fall
I think of the gifts God has given all.
I think of the joy of the life of love,
Of all the rare gifts from God above!
I'm grateful to God in this earthly strife
For the genuine Mother who gave me life.
I know that I shall find no other
To take the place of you, Dear Mother.

Slowly the evening shadows around me fall,
And sweet are the memories which I recall
Of the years spent with Mother Dear
In a home of love which is ever near.
At the dawn of this, our Mother's Day,
God give me the courage to lead the way
In my realm of Motherhood sublime,
that my efforts, too, will be divine.

My Teacher

Upon having some of the poetry of some of my English students accepted for National recognition, I was requested to submit some of my own poetry. In turn, they asked for the privilege of printing the following poem in a National Poetry Anthology in 1950.

Here's to an efficient teacher,
A genuine and real one, too;
A teacher who's helped in the darkest of hours
To see a "Buddy" through.
A teacher whose love of service
And untiring persistent aim,
Had helped one student to see
An open road to fame.
Not the fame that many seek
To place them on pedestals "so to speak."
But the fame that brings a heart's desire
That sets the soul of one on fire.
An incessant fire which beckons one on
To join a happy and useful throng —
A joy, a thrill, a something that one can never find
Until he sees at the base of it all —
True service in mankind.
Now, as this student wends her way
Into other walks and ways,
She'll think back on the teacher
Of her happy college days.
Ah! The memory of that teacher
Will be ushered in anew
As a real and genuine teacher
Who guided her safely through.

Our Heritage

(Written in 1978 for the Milo Andrus Reunion)

Drawn by a mystic essence sublime,
Today we reflect on our heritage divine.
Memories, blessed memories, fill our souls with love,
Bequeathed to us are choice gifts from above.

Ours is a Pioneer heritage, you see —
Indeed a kinship of noble ancestry.
In pensive mood we reflect today
On the lives of our ancestors who've led the way.

They subdued the desert, holding fast to the rod;
Following their leader with close kinship to God.
Theirs was a life of physical privation,
But it's folks like these who've made this nation.
Learning obedience and defenders of right;
Surely they're recipients of eternal light.

Gone are the days of yesteryears —
Gone are the faithful Pioneers,
Save an enduring few
Who have bridged the gap of the old and the new.

These have spanned the gap of the slower pace
To the soaring heights of outer space.
Staunch as an oak tree, undaunted they stand,
Souls of strength and wisdom in this Promised Land.

Frugality, industry, charity — they've been taught.
Upholding principles of freedom being their humble lot.
They, too, have tamed the sage in diverse ways,
Faithfully preserving their heritage in these latter days.

They follow a living prophet as in the days of yore,
Holding steadfast as the Pioneers before.
Though their pace grows slower bit by bit,
President Kimball's profound counsel they heed — DO IT!

Ah! In memories we linger in sweet retreat
Through the rugged trails of yesteryears,
And keenly feel a kinship sweet
To our staunch and faithful Pioneers.

* * * All the following poetry was written around 1980 * * *

Thou Hast Promised

Great Master, teach us thy will to do
As life's journey we pursue;
May our faith in Thee increase
As we seek the inner-peace
Thou hast promised.

Let our faith look up to Thee
Infinite truths of life to see;
May we weak mortals see the love
Thou hast gendered from above
Which Thou hast promised.

Grant us, though we are weak,
Life's infinite virtues to seek;
That our lives perfected may be
Traversing the road to eternity
Which Thou hast promised.

Oh, Master, thou hast said, "Peace I give unto you,
Not as the world giveth," How beautifully true.
Help us, Our Savior, this peace to see
Through this mortal life, And through eternity
As Thou hast promised.

Faith

What wraps the soul in mystic light
And captures life's joys in their onward plight?

What gives to man the peace sublime
As he grasps the truths of God divine?
'Tis faith — faith in the infinite, faith in the light,
Faith in God, faith in the right.

What gives to man a knowledge supreme?
A knowledge of life, a knowledge of being?
What lights the way — God's miracles to see,
And behold them in reverent ecstasy?

'Tis faith — faith in the infinite, faith in the light,
Faith in God, faith in the right.

Lessons from the Mount

Seeing the multitude, from the Mount He gazed
Into the eyes of the mass; emblazoned
In glory from the Father above,
Teaching lessons of life and of love.

Life's infinite treasures He taught them to seek
Forsaking the trivial, the earthly, the weak.
"Consider the Lilies," He thus did speak
To the hungering multitude and to the weak.

"Blessed are they." So oft He began,
Teaching vital lessons to mortal man.
Lessons directed from the realms above,
Lessons of truth, of beauty, and of love.

From the Mount He gazed in mystic awe;
To the teeming mass declared He the law.
"Let your light so shine," He did implore,
Glorifying the Father forevermore.

We Thank Thee

Oh, Father, we thank Thee for eyes to see
Fair nature in all her simplicity.
We thank Thee, Father, for the budding trees,
For fields of grain waiving in the breeze.

For blooming flowers in varied hue
For fleecy clouds and skies of blue.
For the blades of grass so lush and green,
For towering mountains — high nature's scene.

For the magic of sound, we sing praises to Thee
for Nature's harmonious sweet symphony.
For the feathered creatures' melodious song
Wafted on the breeze as they flit along.

Help us life's miracles to spiritually see —
The glories of life and of eternity.
We thank Thee, dear Father, who dwells above
For the gifts of life and the gifts of love.

Tribute to My Husband

Here's to a wonderful husband
A genuine and real one, too.
A husband who's helped in the most solemn hours
To see his sweetheart through.

A husband whose zest for service
And untiring patient love,
Has helped his sweetheart to feel
The divine light from above.

His is a noble calling
A Husband and Dad so fine —
Who humbly honors the Priesthood —
That sweet husband of mine!

He's been a builder of homes
Creating and erecting so gay,
His artistry, skill and ability
Will be seen for many a day.

Reticent, patient, and noble,
Hands brawny and careworn with toil,
Scars of industry and labor,
A lover and tiller of soil.

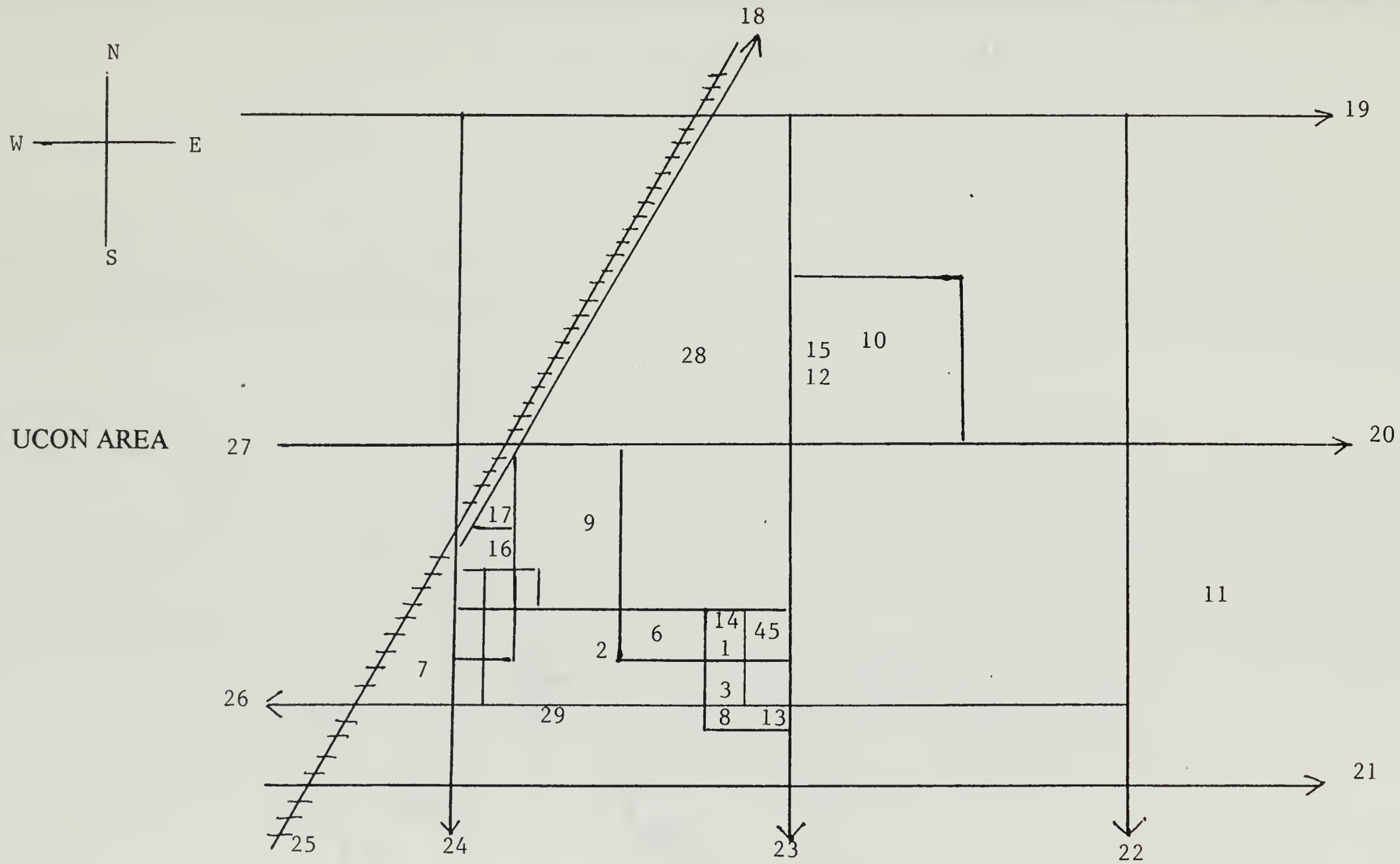
Sweet are the memories of yesteryear,
So sweet are the thoughts of today.
Our home is a haven of happiness,
Love's Old Sweet Song always!

My Builder

Strong, meticulous, gay,
Surveying, planning, hammering,
Building, achieving, creating,
Artistry, simplicity, quality,
Buildings, houses, homes.
Laborer of love,
My Builder.

My Sweetheart

Reticent, Patient, noble,
Loving, protecting, graying.
Hands — brawny and careworn,
Once powerful, able, pliable.
Scars of labor,
Reflecting industry — toil for me.
My Sweetheart.



1. Robert Andrus
2. Heber Andrus
3. Original School
4. Dance Hall
5. Lott's Boarding House
6. High School
7. Train Depot
8. South Field
9. North Field
10. The main farm
11. Rented Acreage
12. Howard Andrus
13. Grant Andrus
14. Reed Andrus
15. Tom Andrus
16. Lower Ucon
17. Grain Mill
18. To Saint Anthony
19. County Line Road to Ririe
20. To Milo
21. To Ririe Highway
22. To Iona
23. Crowley Road to Iona
24. To Idaho Falls/Ammon
25. To Idaho Falls
26. To Fairview
27. To Coltman
28. Sage brush area
29. Cemetery

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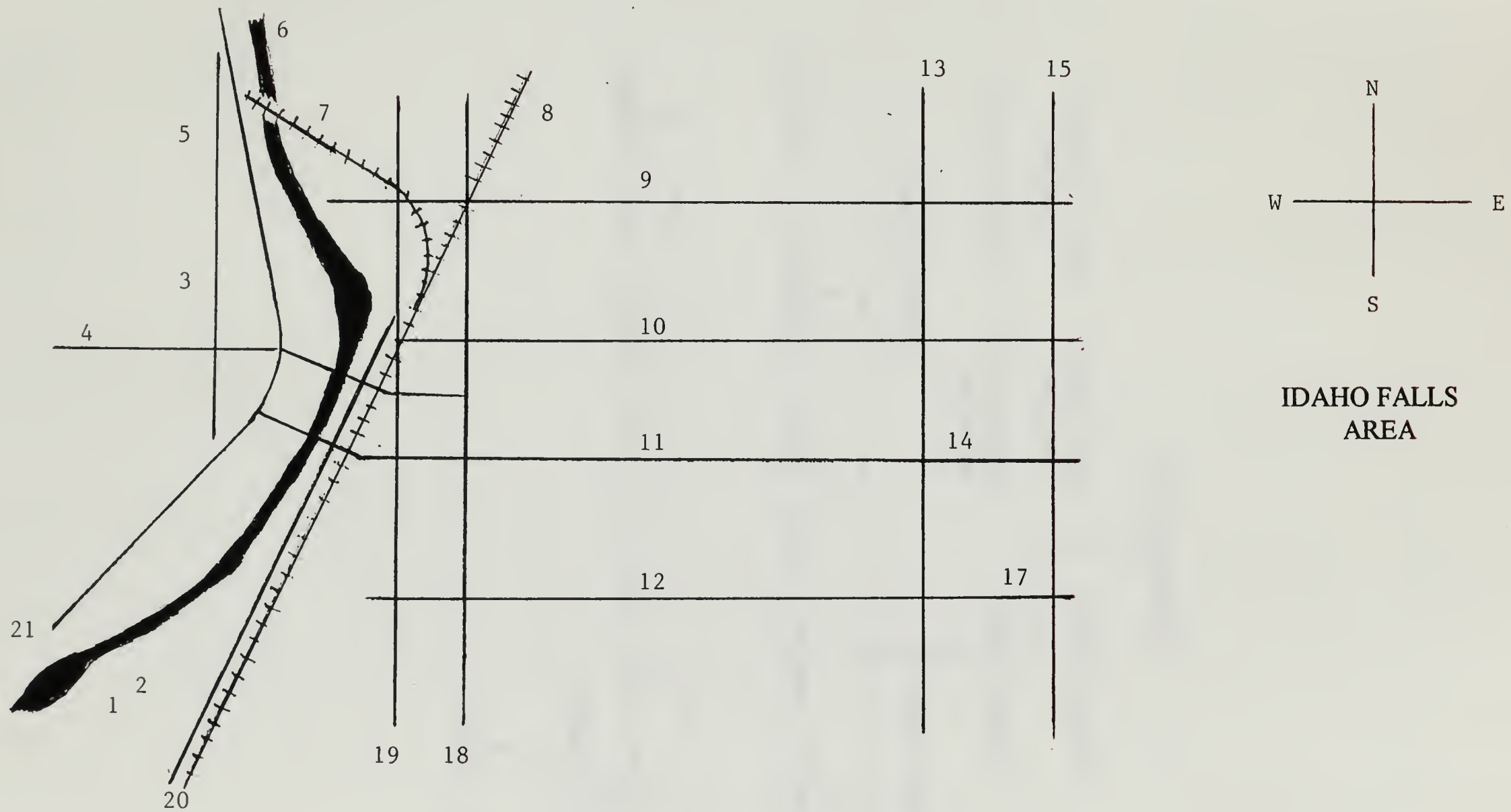
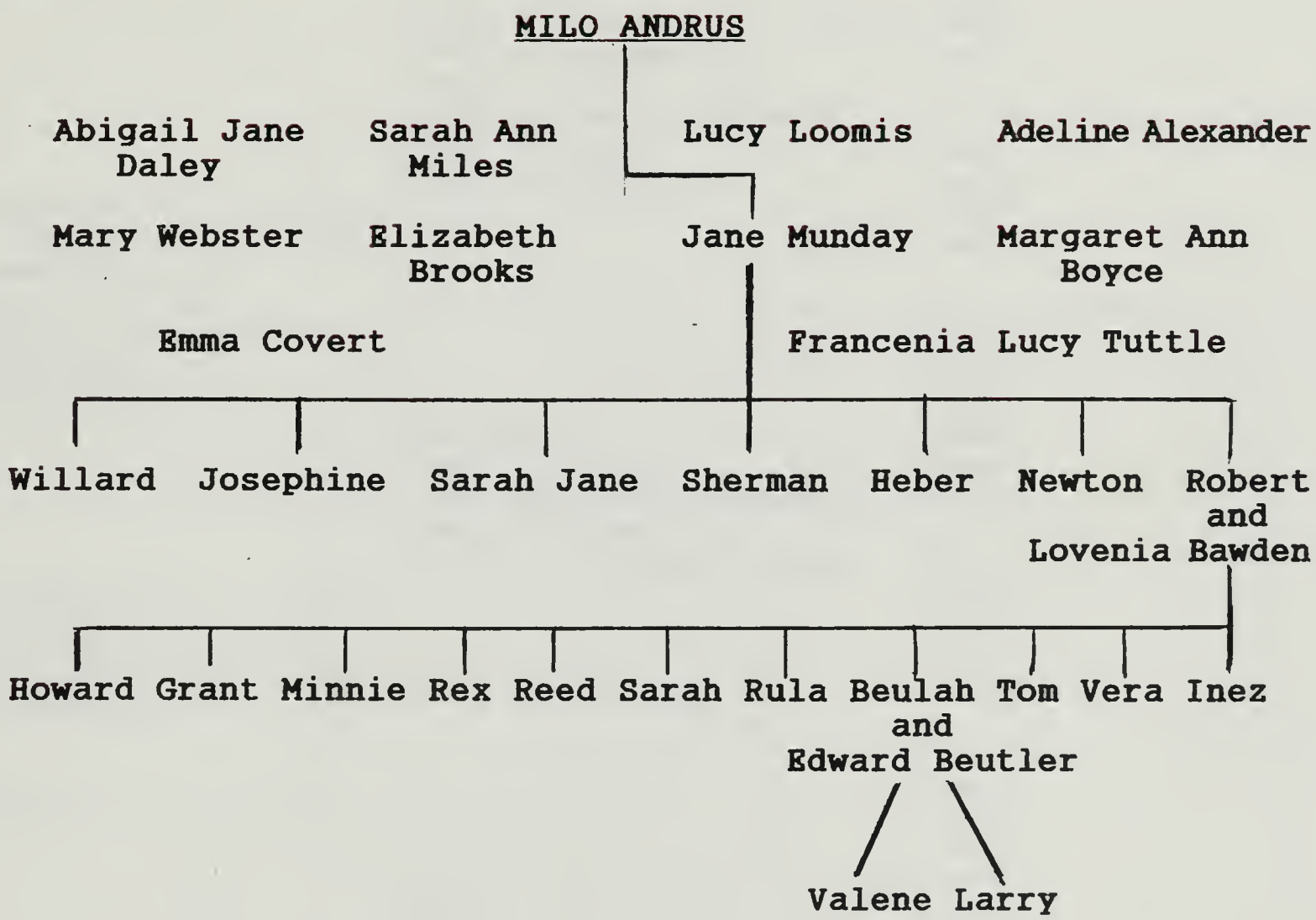
Ucon
Idaho Falls
Burley
Lewiston
Logan
UTAH



IDAHO FALLS AREA

1. Beulah Beutler's first home
2. Fielding Memorial Cemetery
3. Beulah Beutler's present home
4. Broadway
5. Skyline Drive
6. Snake River
7. Railroad to Butte, Montana
8. Railroad to Ucon
9. Anderson Street
10. First Street
11. Seventeenth Street
12. Sunnyside Road
13. Hitt Road
14. Nursing Home
15. Ammon-Ucon Road
16. Hospital
17. Ammon
18. Holmes Avenue
19. Boulevard
20. Highway 26 to Shelley
21. Interstate 15


MILO ANDRUS
Abigail Jane Daley
Sarah Ann Miles
Lucy Loomis
Adeline Alexander
Mary Webster
Elizabeth Brooks
Jane Munday
Margaret Ann Boyce
Emma Covert
Francenia Lucy Tuttle
Willard
Josephine
Sarah Jane
Sherman
Heber
Newton
Robert and Lovenia Bawden
Howard
Grant
Minnie
Rex
Reed
Sarah
Rula
Beulah and Edward Beutler
Tom
Vera
Inez
Valene
Larry

PEDIGREE CHART

17 Apr 1995 Chart no

Ordinance Codes:
B=Baptized
E=Endowed
P=Sealed to parents
S=Sealed to spouse
C=Children's ordinances

1 Beulah Leona ANDRUS-713
BORN: 25 Aug 1909 BE SC
PLACE: Willow Creek,B,ID,(now Ucon)
MARR: 12 Sep 1945 --212
PLACE: Logan,Cache,UT
DIED:
PLACE:

Edward BEUTLER-709
Spouse

2 Robert ANDRUS-714
BORN: 12 Sep 1873 BE S
PLACE: Draper,Salt Lake,UT
MARR: 6 Nov 1895 --213
PLACE: Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,UT
DIED: 9 Jun 1936
PLACE: Ucon,Bonneville,ID

3 Lovenia Evelyn BAWDEN-715
BORN: 19 Mar 1872 BE
PLACE: Mill Creek,Salt Lake,UT
DIED: 22 Apr 1956
PLACE: Ucon,Bonneville,ID

4 Milo ANDRUS-726
BORN: 6 Mar 1814 BE S
PLACE: Wilmington,Essex,NY
MARR: 22 Nov 1855 --214
PLACE: Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,UT
DIED: 19 Jun 1893
PLACE: Oxford,Franklin,ID

5 Jane MUNDAY-727
BORN: 4 Oct 1832 BE
PLACE: Coventry,Warwickshire,ENGLAND
DIED: 2 Oct 1900
PLACE: Willow Creek,B,ID,(now Ucon)

6
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MARR:
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15
BORN:
PLACE:
DIED:
PLACE:

Name and address of submitter:
Gloria G. Andrus
64 South 300 East
Rexburg ID 83440

Phone:(208) 356-6052

FAMILY GROUP RECORD-211

17 Apr 1995 Page 1

HUSBAND Edward BEUTLER-709 LDS ORDINANCE

BORN: 11 Dec 1905 PLACE: Logan,Cache,UT B: 13 Jan 191
CHR.: PLACE: E: 17 Dec 193
DIED: 29 Jul 1985 PLACE: Idaho Falls,Bonneville,ID SP:
BUR.: PLACE: SS: 22 May 193
MARR: 22 May 1935 PLACE: Logan,Cache,UT has other marr
FATHER:
MOTHER:

WIFE Violet Stella RASMUSSEN-710

BORN: 17 Jun 1913 PLACE: College Ward,Cache,UT B: 21 Jun 192
CHR.: PLACE: E: 22 May 193
DIED: 18 Jun 1944 PLACE: Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,UT SP:
BUR.: 22 Jun 1944 PLACE: Logan,Cache,UT
FATHER:
MOTHER:

CHILDREN

1. NAME: Valene BEUTLER-711
---- BORN: 8 Jun 1938 PLACE: Logan,Cache,UT B: 3 Aug 194
F CHR.: PLACE: E: 19 Aug 196
DIED: 30 Jun 1992 PLACE: SP:
BUR.: PLACE:
SPOUSE:
MARR: PLACE: SS:

2. NAME: Larry Edward BEUTLER-712
---- BORN: 14 Feb 1941 PLACE: Logan,Cache,UT B: 26 Feb 194
M CHR.: PLACE: E: 19 Aug 196
DIED: PLACE: SP:
BUR.: PLACE:
SPOUSE:
MARR: PLACE: SS:

3. NAME:
---- BORN: PLACE: B:
CHR.: PLACE: E:
DIED: PLACE: SP:
BUR.: PLACE:
SPOUSE:
MARR: PLACE: SS:

4. NAME:
---- BORN: PLACE: B:
CHR.: PLACE: E:
DIED: PLACE: SP:
BUR.: PLACE:
SPOUSE:
MARR: PLACE: SS:

Check one option for all individuals on this form:
[ ] 1. I will provide proxies for []Bap []End []Seal at the _____ temple.
[ ] 2. Please provide all proxies at any temple.
[ ] 3. Send all names to the Ancestral File.

Gloria G. Andrus
64 South 300 East
Rexburg ID 83440
Phone:(208) 356-6052

Relationship to
Husband_____
Wife_____

FAMILY GROUP RECORD-212

17 Apr 1995 Page 1

HUSBAND Edward BEUTLER-709 LDS ORDINANCE D

BORN: 11 Dec 1905 PLACE: Logan,Cache,UT B: 13 Jan 1914
CHR.: PLACE: E: 17 Dec 1930
DIED: 29 Jul 1985 PLACE: Idaho Falls,Bonneville,ID SP:
BUR.: PLACE: SS: 12 Sep 1945
MARR: 12 Sep 1945 PLACE: Logan,Cache,UT has other marri
FATHER:
MOTHER:

WIFE Beulah Leona ANDRUS-713

BORN: 25 Aug 1909 PLACE: Willow Creek,Bingham,ID,(now Ucon) B: 25 Aug 1917
CHR.: PLACE: E: 1 Jun 1939
DIED: PLACE: SP:
BUR.: PLACE:
FATHER: Robert ANDRUS-714 PARENTS' MRIN:
MOTHER: Lovenia Evelyn BAWDEN-715

CHILDREN

1. NAME:
---- BORN: PLACE: B:
CHR.: PLACE: E:
DIED: PLACE: SP:
BUR.: PLACE:
SPOUSE:
MARR: PLACE: SS:

2. NAME:
---- BORN: PLACE: B:
CHR.: PLACE: E:
DIED: PLACE: SP:
BUR.: PLACE:
SPOUSE:
MARR: PLACE: SS:

3. NAME:
---- BORN: PLACE: B:
CHR.: PLACE: E:
DIED: PLACE: SP:
BUR.: PLACE:
SPOUSE:
MARR: PLACE: SS:

4. NAME:
---- BORN: PLACE: B:
CHR.: PLACE: E:
DIED: PLACE: SP:
BUR.: PLACE:
SPOUSE:
MARR: PLACE: SS:

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Gloria G. Andrus
64 South 300 East
Rexburg ID 83440
Phone:(208) 356-6052

Relationship to
Husband_____
Wife_____

FAMILY GROUP RECORD-213

17 Apr 1995 Page 1

HUSBAND Robert ANDRUS-714 LDS ORDINANCE D

BORN: 12 Sep 1873 PLACE: Draper,Salt Lake,UT B: 2 Aug 1883
CHR.: PLACE: E: 6 Nov 1895
DIED: 9 Jun 1936 PLACE: Ucon,Bonneville,ID SP:
BUR.: 12 Jun 1936 PLACE: Ucon,Bonneville,ID SS: 6 Nov 1895
MARR: 6 Nov 1895 PLACE: Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,UT
FATHER: Milo ANDRUS-726 PARENTS' MRIN:
MOTHER: Jane MUNDAY-727

WIFE Lovenia Evelyn BAWDEN-715

BORN: 19 Mar 1872 PLACE: Mill Creek,Salt Lake,UT B: 18 Apr 1880
CHR.: PLACE: E: 6 Nov 1895
DIED: 22 Apr 1956 PLACE: Ucon,Bonneville,ID SP:
BUR.: 25 Apr 1956 PLACE: Ucon,Bonneville,CO
FATHER:
MOTHER:

CHILDREN

1. NAME: Robert Howard ANDRUS-716
---- BORN: 31 Jul 1896 PLACE: Mill Creek,Salt Lake,UT B: 31 Jul 1904
M CHR.: PLACE: E: 22 Dec 1920
DIED: 25 Aug 1986 PLACE: Idaho Falls,Bonneville,ID SP: BIC
BUR.: 28 Aug 1986 PLACE: Ucon,Bonneville,ID
SPOUSE:
MARR: PLACE: SS:

2. NAME: Grant MUNDAY ANDRUS-717
---- BORN: 16 Apr 1898 PLACE: Willow Creek,Bingham,ID,(now Ucon) B: 16 Jul 1906
M CHR.: PLACE: E: 28 Aug 1924
DIED: 20 Aug 1983 PLACE: Idaho Falls,Bonneville,ID SP:
BUR.: 23 Aug 1983 PLACE: Ucon,Bonneville,ID
SPOUSE:
MARR: PLACE: SS:

3. NAME: Lovenia Minnie ANDRUS-718
---- BORN: 16 Dec 1900 PLACE: Willow Creek,Bingham,ID,(now Ucon) B: 5 Jun 1909
F CHR.: PLACE: E: 28 Apr 1926
DIED: 1 May 1965 PLACE: Idaho Falls,Bonneville,ID SP: BIC
BUR.: 6 May 1965 PLACE: Ucon,Bonneville,ID
SPOUSE:
MARR: PLACE: SS:

4. NAME: Rex Quale ANDRUS-719
---- BORN: 16 Aug 1902 PLACE: Willow Creek,Bingham,ID,(now Ucon) B:
M CHR.: PLACE: E:
DIED: 14 Mar 1903 PLACE: Ucon,Bonneville,ID SP: BIC
BUR.: PLACE: Ucon,Bonneville,ID
SPOUSE:
MARR: PLACE: SS:

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[ ] 2. Please provide all proxies at any temple.
[ ] 3. Send all names to the Ancestral File.

Gloria G. Andrus
64 South 300 East
Rexburg ID 83440
Phone:(208) 356-6052

Relationship to
Husband_____
Wife_____

HUSBAND Robert ANDRUS-714 Yr of Birth

WIFE Lovenia Evelyn BAWDEN-715 Yr of Birth

CHILDREN (continued)

5. NAME: Samuel Reed ANDRUS-720

---- BORN: 8 Mar 1904 PLACE: Willow Creek,Bingham,ID,(now Ucon) B: 27 Apr 1912

M CHR.: PLACE: E: 4 Sep 1935

DIED: 16 Jul 1976 PLACE: Idaho Falls,Bonneville,ID SP: BIC

BUR.: PLACE: Ucon,Bonneville,ID

SPOUSE:

MARR: PLACE: SS:

---

6. NAME: Sarah Jane ANDRUS-721

---- BORN: 27 Aug 1906 PLACE: Willow Creek,Bingham,ID,(now Ucon) B: 27 Aug 1914

F CHR.: PLACE: E: 27 Jul 1934

DIED: 20 Sep 1980 PLACE: Idaho Falls,Bonneville,ID SP: BIC

BUR.: 22 Sep 1980 PLACE: Ucon,Bonneville,ID

SPOUSE:

MARR: PLACE: SS:

---

7. NAME: Rula Ireland ANDRUS-722

---- BORN: 17 Mar 1908 PLACE: Willow Creek,Bingham,ID,(now Ucon) B: 20 Apr 1916

F CHR.: PLACE: E: 15 Nov 1929

DIED: 8 Jun 1929 PLACE: Arimo,,ID SP: BIC

BUR.: PLACE: Ucon,Bonneville,ID

SPOUSE:

MARR: PLACE: SS:

---

8. NAME: Beulah Leona ANDRUS-713

---- BORN: 25 Aug 1909 PLACE: Willow Creek,Bingham,ID,(now Ucon) B: 25 Aug 1917

F CHR.: PLACE: E: 1 Jun 1939

DIED: PLACE: SP:

BUR.: PLACE:

SPOUSE: Edward BEUTLER-709 MRIN: 212

MARR: 12 Sep 1945 PLACE: Logan,Cache,UT SS: 12 Sep 1945

---

9. NAME: Thomas Edgar ANDRUS-723

---- BORN: 11 Jun 1912 PLACE: Willow Creek,Bingham,ID,(now Ucon) B: 11 Jun 1921

M CHR.: PLACE: E: 3 Jul 1934

DIED: PLACE: SP: BIC

BUR.: PLACE:

SPOUSE:

MARR: PLACE: SS:

---

10. NAME: Vera Valeria ANDRUS-724

---- BORN: 14 Jul 1915 PLACE: Ucon,Bonneville,ID B: 14 Jul 1923

F CHR.: PLACE: E: 8 Jun 1938

DIED: PLACE: SP: BIC

BUR.: PLACE:

SPOUSE:

MARR: PLACE: SS:

HUSBAND Robert ANDRUS-714 Yr of Birt

WIFE Lovenia Evelyn BAWDEN-715 Yr of Birt

CHILDREN (continued)

11. NAME: Inez Luella ANDRUS-725

---- BORN: 18 Sep 1917 PLACE: Ucon,Bonneville,ID B: 18 Sep 192

F CHR.: PLACE: E: 20 Mar 194

DIED: 19 Sep 1965 PLACE: Portland,Multnomah,OR SP: BIC

BUR.: PLACE: Ucon,Bonneville,ID

SPOUSE:

MARR: PLACE: SS:

FAMILY GROUP RECORD-214

17 Apr 1995 Page 1

HUSBAND Milo ANDRUS-726 LDS ORDINANCE DA

BORN: 6 Mar 1814 PLACE: Wilmington,Essex,NY B: 12 Mar 1832
CHR.: PLACE: E: 24 Dec 1845
DIED: 19 Jun 1893 PLACE: Oxford,Franklin,ID SP:
BUR.: 23 Jun 1893 PLACE: Holladay,Salt Lake,UT SS: 22 Nov 1855
MARR: 22 Nov 1855 PLACE: Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,UT
FATHER:
MOTHER:

WIFE Jane MUNDAY-727

BORN: 4 Oct 1832 PLACE: Coventry,Warwickshire,ENGLAND B: 12 Dec 1843
CHR.: PLACE: E: 22 Nov 1855
DIED: 2 Oct 1900 PLACE: Willow Creek,Bingham,ID,(now Ucon) SP:
BUR.: 4 Oct 1900 PLACE: Willow Creek,Bingham,ID,(now Ucon)
FATHER:
MOTHER:

CHILDREN

1. NAME: Millard ANDRUS-728
---- BORN: 24 Sep 1856 PLACE: Big Cottonwood,Salt Lake,UT B: 5 Aug 1865
M CHR.: PLACE: E: 6 Dec 1875
DIED: 5 May 1936 PLACE: SP: BIC
BUR.: PLACE:
SPOUSE:
MARR: PLACE: SS:

2. NAME: Josephine ANDRUS-729
---- BORN: 1 Aug 1858 PLACE: Big Cottonwood,Salt Lake,UT B: 19 Jun 1870
F CHR.: PLACE: E: 25 Apr 1889
DIED: 1 Aug 1919 PLACE: SP: BIC
BUR.: PLACE:
SPOUSE:
MARR: PLACE: SS:

3. NAME: Sarah Jane ANDRUS-730
---- BORN: Aug 1861 PLACE: Big Cottonwood,Salt Lake,UT B:
F CHR.: PLACE: E:
DIED: 1863 PLACE: SP: BIC
BUR.: PLACE:
SPOUSE:
MARR: PLACE: SS:

4. NAME: Sherman ANDRUS-731
---- BORN: 28 Oct 1866 PLACE: Big Cottonwood,Salt Lake,UT B: 30 Apr 1876
M CHR.: PLACE: E: 22 May 1889
DIED: 17 Aug 1886 PLACE: SP: BIC
BUR.: PLACE:
SPOUSE:
MARR: PLACE: SS:

Check one option for all individuals on this form:
[ ] 1. I will provide proxies for []Bap []End []Seal at the _____ temple.
[ ] 2. Please provide all proxies at any temple.
[ ] 3. Send all names to the Ancestral File.

Gloria G. Andrus
64 South 300 East
Rexburg ID 83440
Phone:(208) 356-6052

Relationship to
Husband_____
Wife_____

HUSBAND Milo ANDRUS-726 Yr of Birth

WIFE Jane MUNDAY-727 Yr of Birth

CHILDREN (continued)

5. NAME: Heber ANDRUS-732

---- BORN: 20 Sep 1868 PLACE: Big Cottonwood,Salt Lake,UT B: 2 May 1880

M CHR.: PLACE: E: 13 May 1891

DIED: 9 May 1914 PLACE: SP: BIC

BUR.: PLACE:

SPOUSE:

MARR: PLACE: SS:

6. NAME: Newton ANDRUS-733

---- BORN: 18 Aug 1871 PLACE: Draper,Salt Lake,UT B: 8 Aug 1880

M CHR.: PLACE: E: 30 Oct 1895

DIED: 19 Sep 1941 PLACE: SP: BIC

BUR.: PLACE:

SPOUSE:

MARR: PLACE: SS:

7. NAME: Robert ANDRUS-714

---- BORN: 12 Sep 1873 PLACE: Draper,Salt Lake,UT B: 2 Aug 1883

M CHR.: PLACE: E: 6 Nov 1895

DIED: 9 Jun 1936 PLACE: Ucon,Bonneville,ID SP:

BUR.: 12 Jun 1936 PLACE: Ucon,Bonneville,ID

SPOUSE: Lovenia Evelyn BAWDEN-715 MRIN: 213

MARR: 6 Nov 1895 PLACE: Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,UT SS: 6 Nov 1895

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